THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 725 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889. $4 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 41

LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Life is too short to waste in repining,
So what is the use of moaning or whining?
Up and be doing, recover lost ground:
What has been lost, again may be found!

Life is too short for weeping or wailing
O'er pleasure boats wrecked on Life's seas sailing:
Buckle on armor, fight and be brave,
Breasting with courage each stormy wave!

Life is too short to spend in regret,
Or o'er our lost treasures to fume and to fret;
There's good fish in the sea as ever were caught,
And if you can't catch them, they o'en can be bought.

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

NARRATIVE BY CHRISTABEL DEVEREUX.

I HAVE only very dim recollections of my early life in my far-away West Indian home. I can just remember the beautiful, languid, queenly woman whom I called "mamma," and the handsome military-looking father of whom I stood to a certain extent in awe.

But, although I remember little of my early home, or of the parents I was destined to lose before I was seven years old, certain incidents remain stamped indelibly upon my memory.

I remember once stepping out upon the verandah one lovely evening, dark and still and sweet as I think only tropical evenings can be, and finding that the father and mother to whom I had come to say good night were not alone, as was usual with them at that hour.

Before I had myself been seen—for I paused outside the circle of light cast by a silver lamp—I looked at the stranger who was talking to my parents, with the quick curiosity of childhood, which soon changed to another feeling that I could not then define or understand, but which I fancy was akin to fear.

He was very handsome, a man of about thirty years, although to me he looked quite as old as my father, who was in reality his senior by many years. His face was deeply browned by exposure to weather in many climates, while his hair was jet-black, and his eyes were keen and fierce like those of a hawk.

I thought there was something cruel in their gaze, and shrank back, with a feeling of terror I could not understand, when they were carelessly turned towards me. His lips were thin, his nose was something like an eagle's beak, his brow broad and massive.

It was a powerful face, and one that would always attract attention. I could not have described it then as I can do now, but the impression it made upon me has never yet been effaced.

Even while I watched, the stranger rose to his feet, bade a rather unceremonious adieu to my parents, and stalked away in the darkness.

My beautiful mother shivered slightly as she sipped her chocolate with languid grace.

"I cannot think what you see in that young Basset," she said. "For my part, I always feel after he has been here as if somebody were walking over my grave!"

I did not wait for my father's answer, for an indefinable terror overcame me. I fled back helter-skelter to my own well-lighted room.

I made my colored nurse put me to bed as quickly as possible, and even there I hardly felt safe from the glance of those basilisk eyes. I was always a timid child. My father often took me to task, with some severity, for my reasonable panics, but all in vain.

Timid I was as a child, and timid I shall be, I suppose, to the end of the chapter; and those words of my mother's, "somebody walking over my grave," recurred to me again and again, with a horrid fascination. I did not in the least understand them but it seemed as if there were some mysterious connection between this black-eyed stranger and my mother's grave which filled me with inexpressible terror and awe.

This awe was not diminished by what occurred about a fortnight later, though I only recollect the incident as one of those isolated mental pictures that are sometimes imprinted upon a child's mind.

I was playing one day in the garden with my dog and my flowers, when I accidentally strayed within the precincts of my mother's favorite arbor, where I did not generally venture unless I was sent for.

Voices warned me that my mother was not alone. I was about to withdraw, as I hoped, unobserved, for I was strangely shy with my parents, when my father's voice arrested me.

"Come here, Christabel."

I advanced slowly and reluctantly, without raising my eyes. I was conscious that my clean white embroidered muslin frock was creased and tumbled, that my sash was trailing on the ground, and that my curls were all in confusion from my playmate's rough gambols.

My beautiful mother always looked as if she had come straight from the hands of her maid. I knew she could not bear untidiness, and I expected one of those languid remarks, not altogether comprehensible, that always filled me with a sense of my hopeless inferiority.

However, no observation upon my personal appearance was made. As I approached I heard my father say—

"This is the child, Basset. If she were not an heiress I should not trouble about it; but as it is one take the needful steps. I don't suppose you will ever be called upon to act. I am a young man still."

I did not in the least understand the drift of those words, although I never forgot them. I stood mute, with lowered eyelids.

"Christabel," said my mother, with languid displeasure, "why do you not shake hands with Mr. Basset?"

"With your guardian," added my father, with a short laugh.

I held out a small cold hand. I knew that those keen dark eyes were scrutinising me, and I dare not look up. I felt myself trembling all over.

"I believe she is afraid of me," said a strange voice, very cold, clear, and resolute—a voice that, once heard, would not easily be forgotten. "Look up, Christabel, and let me see your face."

The tone of authority compelled me to raise my face, and when once I met that penetrating gaze I could not turn my eyes away. It was not the boldness that enabled me to meet that glance, it was the fascination that rivets the eye of the bird to that of the snake which will presently destroy it.

"She is a sad little coward," remarked my father contemptuously. He had never forgiven me for not being a boy. "I believe you could do anything with her by frightening her a little."

The stranger, whom they called my guardian, turned his eyes and laughed.

"I shall keep that hint in mind, Devereux, in case I ever have occasion to use my authority."

My memory fails me here. I have not the faintest recollection of the close of that scene. I dare say I stole away unobserved and hid myself somewhere; but those sinister words haunted me from time to time for many years.

I can recollect nothing of the outbreak of malignant fever which, as I afterwards heard, swept over our lovely island that same summer, and carried off more than one-tenth of its European population. My father and mother were amongst the earliest victims, both dying within forty-eight hours of seizure. I was smitten too, but recovered; and I was carried at last on board a homeward-bound vessel, to see if a voyage would fan into some strength the feeble spark of life within me.

I do not remember anything about the voyage, my arrival in England, or the early days of my sojourn there. I suppose my memory was weakened by my dangerous illness, for on looking back I can only remember a gradual awakening to the life of an English school, its clock-like routine, its strict discipline, and the mixture of outward severity and kindliness of heart that so often characterises school-mistresses.

By the time I was a big girl it seemed to me that I had been living all my life between the high brick walls of this select seminary.

Even my holidays were passed here; and perhaps from the fact that I had forgotten what freedom was like, I found no fault with my captivity, and was happy with my books and studies, not craving, as many of my companions did, for the wider life they enjoyed during the weeks of emancipation at holiday-time.

I never went home with any of my companions, although I had often received invitations.

"I do not like to act without your guardian's permission," Miss Beverley, our principal, said one day. "Mr. Basset seemed so very particular about you when he brought you, and his letters say nothing about your paying visits. I can write and ask him about it if you like, my dear."

But to me the mere mention of my guardian's name brought with it a sense of inexplicable terror, and I always opposed any request being addressed to him.

Money was supplied to me regularly through Miss Beverly, and I believe she heard from Marcus Basset from time to time; but I did not see anything of my guardian, and never asked a single question about him.

Now and then a packet would arrive for me from foreign parts, containing some costly trinket or article of curious workmanship. Although not a message of any kind ever accompanied these gifts, I knew well from whose hand they had come, and shrank from them with repugnance. I shut them all up in a drawer together, with the fervent hope that it might never be my lot to meet my guardian again.

The first change that came over my quiet life was when our school was visited with diphtheria one spring, and I happened to be one of the victims, and was more ill, I believe, than anybody else.

I was no longer a pupil at that time, but I still stayed on as a sort of parlor-boarder, prosecuted such studies as pleased me most, took private lessons in music and drawing, and enjoyed an amount of independence that, after the restraints of school-life, seemed to me all that one could desire.

Miss Beverley was very kind, and regarded me with great favor, as a lucrative and docile pupil; and while I was ill I was nursed and tended carefully.

When I recovered the summer had almost come, and the school was empty, for the pupils had gone home to their parents at the commencement of the outbreak, and were not to return until the expiration of the summer holiday.

I spent most of my time in the garden, for fresh air was recommended for me, and the doctor urged that I should be sent away to the seaside for a complete change. Miss Beverley was as anxious as any one for me to go, for she wished to put the house under sanitary inspection, and to go away herself to see her friends.

But my guardian was away in India, and she was afraid to act without his consent; and I was too languid to care very much what became of me, only wishing to be left as quiet as possible, and feeling a disinclination for any kind of exertion.

In the course of a few days however a great change came about, and I found that I was to leave my quiet retreat, and go out into a life altogether strange and new.

Miss Beverley came to me one day as I sat in the garden, with an air of importance and complacent satisfaction.

"My dear Christabel," she said, "Lady Mannesty is in the drawing-room, and she wants to see you."

I looked up in surprise. Sir Charles and Lady Mannesty were the great people of the place.

The boundary of their park lay across the road that divided us from them; but, despite our proximity, we knew little of the inhabitants of the Manor, and why Lady Mannesty should wish to speak to me I could not imagine.

"What can she have to say to me, Miss Beverley?" I asked timidly, for I shrank from meeting anybody so grand and stately as the Lady Mannesty of whom I sometimes caught a glimpse in the Manor House pew in church. I had lived in seclusion so long that, although I was now nineteen, I felt as shy at the idea of facing a stranger as a child of six might have done.

"Need I go, Miss Beverley?" I asked. "I would much rather not."

"But indeed, my dear Christabel, you must," answered my schoolmistress, with gentle authority. "You must remember that you are not a child any longer, and that it is really time you left this seclusion, sorry as I shall be to part with you. Lady Mannesty wishes you to visit her, and spend a few weeks at the Manor House, after which, I understand, you are to go to some relatives of your guardian's who are abroad just now. I do not quite understand how it has all come about; but at any rate Mr. Basset has been made aware of your illness, and of the necessity for taking you away from here, at least for a time. And, first of all, you are to go and stay with Lady Mannesty."

I quailed at this news and turned rather pale, I think. I felt terrified at the prospect, yet I was too well-trained in habits of obedience to raise my voice in little objection.

Miss Beverley turned, and I unwillingly followed her into the presence of Lady Mannesty.

Her ladyship received me with a stately kindliness that I found reassuring. She looked me over from head to foot with a searching glance, and then made me sit down beside her and explain her errand.

"I have come to ask, Miss Devereux, if you will consent to be my guest for a little while. It is quite time that you had a change, if only as far as my house; and just how Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, who wish to have you with them, are on the Continent, and cannot at once make arrangements to receive you. Do you know the Lovelaces, my dear?"

"No, not at all," I answered, feeling perplexed at the turn matters were taking.

"I do not think I have ever heard of them."

"So they gave me to understand. I will explain it all in a few words. Mrs. Lovelace is my cousin, and Mr. Lovelace is a cousin or a connection of your guardian, Mr. Marcus Basset. It is only lately that his relationship to you became known to them; and when they heard through me that illness had broken out at your school, and that you had been one of the sufferers, they wrote to him to suggest that some arrangements should be made to insure for you proper change of air and scene. His reply reached them a short time ago, giving them power to make such arrangements as they thought fit until his return, which will probably take place in a few month's time. As they are themselves away from home just at present, I have claimed the right to offer you the first invitation. I think our quiet house will suit you better for a time than a more noisy one, and I hope you may be happy with us until my cousin can welcome you herself. We shall hope to see you at the Manor House as early next week as will be convenient to you."

I faltered out my thanks, feeling anything but grateful as I thought of the ordeal before me.

The days that followed were given over to such solemn conclaves with dressmakers and milliners that I was increasingly awed and distressed by the prospect of the visits lying before me.

I did not realise when I said good-bye to my kind schoolmistress that my quiet life beneath her roof was altogether at an end; all I knew that three months at least must pass before I could hope to see her again, and I felt sadly lost and bewildered as I tried to picture to myself what those three months would be like.

On reaching the Manor House I was taken up-stairs at once and shown into a most luxurious bed-room, which communicated with one of the daintiest of boudoirs. The faint delicious perfume of hot-house flowers pervaded the rooms, which were warmed by fires as well as the bright sunshine—for May evenings are often chilly. The hangings were very rich, the appointments simply perfect, and everything was in exquisite taste.

A strange sense of familiarity with all this luxury swept over me like a breath of air from a distant clime.

I seemed for one brief moment to be transported to my childhood's home on that far-away West Indian island; my late life in the school appeared to be a dream, and this the reality.

I was aroused from my momentary absorption by observing that I was not alone. I think I started violently, for the maid came forward with an apology for frightening me.

"Perhaps you are nervous, ma'am, after your illness."

"I think I am," I answered, half ashamed of having betrayed my weakness. "You have made everything very comfortable," I added, with an attempt to be easy and gracious in my manner.

The woman made a sign of acknowledgment.

"I have been engaged to attend on you, ma'am. I hope I shall give you satisfaction.

Lady Mannesty is out driving; she hoped you would have come in time for luncheon, and was sorry to be obliged to be out when you arrived. Perhaps you would like to rest a little. I will bring you some tea, and get your things unpacked and put away."

I was quite ready to do as was suggested, and lay down luxuriously upon the sofa in the boudoir, thinking how different everything here was from the plain homely comfort of Miss Beverley's house.

It seemed strange to feel that I was my own mistress, that I had a maid to attend upon me, and that the gentle repression and restraint caused by Miss Beverley's presence were now entirely removed. I am not sure that I quite liked the thought of so much independence. It seemed unnatural and a little alarming; but I most certainly did enjoy the luxury by which I was surrounded.

It seemed to belong to me by a kind of right of which I had never dreamed before. The instincts of my nature responded curiously to every indication of wealth and ease.

Lady Mannesty came to see me on her return and welcomed me kindly. I was less afraid of her in her own house than I had been in Miss Beverley's, and I could talk more easily when the presence of my ex-schoolmistress no longer paralysed my speech.

Lady Mannesty hoped that I should feel able to join them at their eight o'clock dinner and I consented to do this with an alacrity that would have astonished me had I been told of it the day before. My shyness was quickly disappearing under the charm of her gentle courtesy, and I had little inclination now to hide myself away from one who was evidently prepared to show herself a kind friend.

My maid had looked over my wardrobe, and had selected my dress for the evening.

It was white and soft and sheeny, and I felt half ashamed of my finery, having never since my childhood worn anything half so costly.

I looked into the mirror and hardly knew myself, I was so transformed; but I felt very childish and insignificant, for I had grown thin during my illness, so that, as Miss Beverley had expressed it, "there was nothing left of me;" and my hair had been cut close, and now was too short to be done up in any fashion, but curled round my head and over my forehead at its own sweet will, although the clever fingers of my maid had contrived to give some "style" to it, unpromising as it was.

I must confess that, clever and respectful as my maid was, I did not like her. I had been glad at first that she was rather an elderly woman; but I soon began to regret this fact, as it seemed to give to her manner an undertone of authority of which I was soon conscious, although I could not possibly defined it, still less have made any complaint.

It was not long before I felt that I had good ground for my instinctive prejudice. My toilet was just completed, and I had already turned to leave the room, when the maid, who had been looking at me somewhat critically, observed—

"I think you want just a touch of color, ma'am;" and she produced some of the costly coral ornaments that had come to me, as I knew, from my guardian.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise and annoyance, for I had no idea that these mementoes had been packed up to accompany me, and I answered hastily—

"No, certainly not. I do not like coral; besides, I prefer my flowers to anything else."

I had not attempted before to contradict any suggestions made by my attendant; but she showed no discomposure at my sudden sharpness.

"Very good, ma'am; you know your own taste best. These coral ornaments look as if they had come from abroad. Maybe Mr. Basset sent them; he always had excellent taste for a gentleman."

I felt as if all my blood had ebbed away towards my heart, it beat so fast.

"What do you know about Mr. Basset?" I asked, with an attempt at indifference that I myself knew to be a miserable failure.

"I have been in the family for many years, ma'am. It was Mrs. Basset's wish that I should enter your service for a time."

I cannot tell why, but when I heard those words I felt as if a cold hand were clutching at my throat.

"Who is Mrs. Basset?" I asked. "Is she the wife of Mr. Marcus Basset, my guardian?"

"No, ma'am. Mrs. Basset is his mother—a widow lady. Some day perhaps you will see her; but she never receives company when Mr. Basset is away. She lives alone in the Fen-country. I think the house is the loneliest and the dreariest I know."

"Then I am hardly likely to visit it," I answered quickly.

"Maybe—maybe not," was the somewhat enigmatical reply.

I could not read the woman's impassive face, yet I felt certain that there was some subtle purpose in her attendance upon me.

Why should Mrs. Basset have spared one of her servants to wait upon me? What had she to do with me, or with the appointment of my maid?

A score of questions like these rose in my mind; but I did not give them utterance. I was aware that upon the subject of my guardian I was morbidly susceptible of alarm.

It would be childish and absurd to parade my silly fears before others. I would be brave and forget them, I said to myself, as I quitted the room; and yet I trembled as I recalled the words heard so many, many years ago—"He makes me feel as if somebody were walking over my grave."

In order to escape from my own thoughts and the unwelcome companionship of my maid, I had left my room rather early. The hands of the clock in the hall pointed to a quarter before eight as I descended the wide oak staircase with noiseless steps, for my feet seemed to sink into the thick layer of the carpet as if it were a soft bed of moss.

A tall footman opened the door of the drawing room for me, and I entered, to find myself quite alone in the dim light of a peculiarly rich and beautiful apartment. All Lady Mannesty's surroundings were characterised by the same harmonious taste and almost Oriental richness of colorings.

It delighted me more than I can express, acting upon my nerves like a medicine that at once soothes and stimulates.

I looked about me with a sense of deepening contentment and repose.

The room was but dimly lighted. A curtain hung half across a doorway that evidently communicated with an inner room adjoining. This room was quite in darkness; yet I had fancied, as the man opened the door for me, that I heard faint sounds, as of music, proceeding thence.

This fancy I had forgotten as I stood by the fire, watching the ruddy tongues of flame licking the side of the glowing logs, when I became aware of a slight sound behind me, and turned round nervously.

A tall figure, in irreproachable evening dress, was slowly coming out of the darkened room.

My first supposition was that it must be Sir Charles, but the moment the light fell upon the new-comer's face I saw my mistake. It was a young man, and an entire stranger. At that moment I should have said I had never seen him before.

He came forward very slowly and leisurely; he seemed perfectly at home and at ease. As soon as he was near enough to do so, he held out his hand.

"I suppose I must introduce myself, Miss Devereux. Your eyes tell me that I am a stranger to you, whereby my vanity is sorely wounded. My name is Vere Mannesty. I am the only son of the house, and have been completely ruined by the fate of all only children—spoiling. My history, I assure you, is a very sad one. Won't you sit down?"

All this had been spoken in a gentle impassive way, but with a cool confidence of manner utterly unlike anything I had ever met with before—my experiences, it is true, were very limited—rather as if Mr. Mannesty and I were old friends, between whom the usual commonplace conventionalities might well be dropped.

I could not help smiling as I took the proffered seat, and he himself sank into a chair, with an air of great satisfaction.

"I do hope you are comfortable here, Miss Devereux. I wonder if you are pining for the Argus eye of our respected friend, Miss Beverley? You must let me know if your yearnings for her society become uncontrollable, and I will then take my life in my hand and invade the shrine of the inviolate Minerva, bring the goddess with me or perish in the attempt!"

I did not quite know what to make of this speech. Mr. Mannesty's face was perfectly serious, yet I suspected that he was trying to make fun of my kind schoolmistress, and I was not altogether pleased with him, though all I could say was—

"Miss Beverley has always been very kind to me."

He was not in the least discomposed, although I had tried to be rather severe in my answer.

"I have seen it in her face," he answered; "I have seen her love for you gushing out in every mark of tenderness. Does she not keep a green-glass scent-bottle at church on purpose for you? Do you ever cough, without a peppermint drop being lovingly tendered—and declined?"

I could not help it—I actually laughed. Our favorite jokes against Miss Beverley were connected with her glass scent-bottle and love for peppermint—silly school-girl jokes, it is true, but not the less provocative mirth.

She had for years persecuted me more or less with these two pet abominations of hers—but how did Mr. Mannesty know this?

"I go to church whenever I am at home," he remarked, in answer, I suppose, to my wondering look. "I cannot help my glances straying towards Miss Beverley—her charms have captivated my imagination from my earliest youth. Now do not look so severe, Miss Devereux; I am sure you, of all people, must be aware of her irresistible powers of fascination. Young men are proverbially susceptible: I was susceptible when I was young, and I have been cherishing for years an unrequited passion for Miss Beverley! It has undermined my constitution, I do assure you; but I begin to have hopes that in your society I may find some of that balm for which Gilead was so celebrated. If you are not yourself the rose, at least you have lived near it."

Mr. Mannesty lay back in his chair as he delivered himself of his speech, with an air of inimitable and almost mournful gravity. I confess I was puzzled what to make of him, and was not sorry that I was saved the trouble of a reply by the entrance of Lady Mannesty.

"My son, I see, has introduced himself," she said, with a smile, as she seated herself in her easy-chair. "I hope, Vere, you have been entertaining Miss Devereux properly."

"I hope so too," he answered sleepily. "I have been doing my best. We have been discussing, with mutual satisfaction and delight, the charms of that paragon, Miss Beverley. After twelve years of contemplation of that ineffable being, I confess I do not see how Miss Devereux is to survive the separation."

Lady Mannesty smiled and shook her head, but she seemed well used to her son's ways, and began to talk kindly to me on indifferent subjects.

The appearance of Sir Charles and the announcement of dinner diverted the current of our thoughts. The Baronet offered me his arm, and uttered a few kind and fatherly words of welcome, after which we crossed the hall and took our seats at the hospitable table, shining with silver and glass. Certainly I had made a wonderful change when I quitted Miss Beverley's roof to become Lady Mannesty's visitor.

* * * * * *

Vere Mannesty was a decided enigma to me for many days after my arrival at the Manor House. I had not taken him into my calculations when the visit had been planned for me, and I was a good deal disconcerted at his presence there. I often found myself wishing that he had not chosen to visit his parents just at this particular time. My reason for this wish resulted less from any active dislike entertained towards the young man—though I did not think at first that I liked him much—than from a sense of constraint, almost of confusion, that I always experienced in his presence.

I soon felt quite at my ease with Lady Mannesty. I was happy at being allowed to sit in her boudoir during the morning hours, with my book or my work.

I loved to undertake the floral adornment of her rooms, or read aloud to her, or talk to her whichever she preferred me to do. With her I quickly lost my natural shyness, and could be my truer self.

All this changed however the moment that Vere entered the room. I felt a sudden sense of cold constraint fall heavily upon me.

I could not talk with any pleasure, I blundered sadly in my reading, and if I was engaged in arranging flowers, or in any kind of decorative work, my fingers seemed always to turn to thumbs, and my movements became inexplicably awkward. Nor was my foolish embarrassment in any way lessened by the fact that a pair of large sleepy grey eyes seemed to be always watching me.

Anything I dropped was immediately restored to me, any difficulty was smoothed away, every possible want anticipated, and that in a perfectly silent and unobtrusive fashion that I felt to be trying, without knowing why.

I was sitting at work in Lady Mannesty's boudoir one day, and she was telling me stories of her girlhood in that particularly charming way of hers that I cannot hope to describe, when the door opened quietly and Vere made his appearance.

He made a sign with his hand, as if deprecating any interruption, and subsided, in languid fashion, into the depths of an easy-chair.

When the story was ended—it treated of a journey taken by Lady Mannesty in the days of her girlhood—he looked up and asked—

"By-the-bye, does Miss Devereux ride? The saddle-horses are all eating their heads off in the stable!"

My hostess looked at me, smiling.

"I think we have not begun your education yet, Christabel; but you have a habit, I believe?"

I was rather nervous as I answered—

"I was measured for one just before I came here; but I have never ridden—I do not in the least know how."

"No; but riding was recommended for you by the doctor, Miss Beverley told me. I have been waiting till you began to get up your strength a little."

I felt half pleased, half alarmed at the prospect. I was uncertain how I was taught, and I did not wish Mr. Mannesty to be my instructor.

"Why not begin to-day?" suggested Vere. "No time like the present, as the copy-books tell us. There's your old bay mare, mother. She is twenty, if she's a day, and has carried a lady ever since her early youth. A baby might be trusted to her tender mercies. Why not have her saddled for Miss Devereux, and let her

make her first essay in the paddock this afternoon?"

"Would you like that, my dear?" asked Lady Mannesty kindly. "My father's old coachman, who taught me, will be delighted to teach you. He is an aged pensioner, and lives in one of the cottages I showed you the other day. He is always ready to do a little service for us when occasion offer and will be proud to be called upon to act in such a capacity."

"I should like that very much, Lady Mannesty," I answered.

"Well, shall I settle that little matter, mother?" asked Vere. "Perhaps I'd better take a turn on the mare to see that she has not got beyond herself with all play and no work."

"Yes, or tell the groom to do so," observed Lady Mannesty. "We must run no risks."

"Nothing like making experiments *in propria persona*," remarked Vere, as he slowly raised himself from his easy lounging attitude and stretched his long limbs. "I'll see to it myself. If I am brought home in small fragments, Miss Devereux, I hope you will mourn for me as for one who has fallen in your service." And, without waiting for any reply, he sauntered out of the room.

I looked up half anxiously into his mother's face.

"He won't really get hurt, will he?" I queried.

Lady Mannesty smiled placidly, and laid her hand gently upon my head.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear; it is only his nonsense. You do not think we should put you on anything that would risk your safety even for a moment?"

Reassured, I smiled as I answered—

"Of course not. I was silly to ask; but I was not thinking of myself."

Lady Mannesty caressed my short curls again, and I fancied her touch was unusually tender.

At three o'clock that afternoon I descended slowly to the hall, clad in my riding-habit, which, however becoming to my face and figure, seemed to me a very inconvenient kind of garment.

Vere was standing at the foot of the staircase, booted and spurred, while his pet dachshund was leaping round him in wild excitement, vainly hoping to obtain possession of the hunting-whip that Vere held in his hand.

I saw that there were two horses waiting ready saddled, one for a lady, the other for a gentleman, and I became aware that I was not to be unattended even upon my first lesson.

The old man was standing in readiness in the drive, but I had a presentiment that his office would be somewhat of a sinecure.

Lady Mannesty came out to superintend my first mount, and, thanks to her tact and advice, this was accomplished successfully. The old coachman walked beside me down the drive, giving me many hints more or less intelligible, and nodding his head with needless vehemence at my attempts to carry out his suggestions. As we reached the first gate he stopped abruptly and touched his hat.

"There, there—you'll do very well now—you'll do very well. You take to it like a fish to the water. You came from a riding stock, I'll warrant. Mr. Vere, he'll tell you all the rest—a rare hand with a horse is Mr. Vere Mannesty. Why, bless you, he'll——"

But my horse had carried me beyond ear shot now, and I could only look up to my companion and say—

"I thought he was to have given me a lesson in the paddock?"

"So I suggested to him; but he objected that the paddock was much rougher riding than the road, and that horses were always less manageable when they felt grass under their feet. He advised me the park road as being smooth and level, with another steady horse as company. His riding days are over, so he appointed me as his substitute. I am weak-minded, Miss Devereux. I always do what I am told. It saves much trouble; but of course I get shockingly imposed upon. Are you feeling pretty comfortable? You look as if you were."

"I feel quite safe, thank you. Shall we go a little faster?"

"Certainly. We will try an easy canter first. Draw your reins tighter and touch her with the whip."

The next moment we were off, and after the first few minutes I enjoyed the exhilarating motion immensely.

After this it became a regular thing for me to take a "lesson" from Mr. Mannesty, and very soon it seemed to me that these so called lessons were nothing more nor less than long and delightful rides all over the adjoining country; only when week-ended our excursions beyond the limits of the park, which we did in a very few days, we always had a groom in attendance.

As time went on I began insensibly to modify my ideas about Vere. I was still a little afraid of him, but nothing like so much as I had been at first; and I never found myself wishing that he had not chanced to be at home during the time fixed for my visit.

The only thorn in my side during my visit to the Manor House was the constant attendance of my maid Carter. I cannot tell why I disliked her so much, or felt as if I had a spy about me whenever I met the shifty glance of her small steely eyes; but undoubtedly this was the uncomfortable impression produced upon me, and I began to consider whether I had any just cause for complaining to Lady Mannesty, and trying to rid myself of her unwelcome attentions.

I had not yet made up mind to do this, although I had seriously considered the plan, when something else occurred to put me in mind of the Bassets.

Vere and I had ridden out a long way one day, and, by ascending a high hill, obtained a view over an extensive tract of country that was quite new to me. It impressed me at once by its strange desolation and dreariness. It was flat and colorless, treeless and bare. I cannot describe the strange uncanny feeling akin to misery that came over me as I gazed upon the scene before me.

"What a dreadful country!" I exclaimed with a shiver. Does anybody live out there?"

My companion smiled as if amused.

"Why, yes, to be sure! It does not look attractive from here, I admit; but it has its good points, like everything else in this rough and-tumble world of ours. It is not exactly picturesque or romantic; but then we cannot have everything, and for skating, duck-shooting, and grazing, the Fen-country can hold its own against any other."

I gave a violent start, which was not unobserved by my companion.

"What is the matter, Miss Devereux?" he inquired,

"I don't know—nothing," I faltered, half ashamed of having betrayed myself. "Does not my guardian, Mr. Basset, live in the Fen-country?"

"Yes; out there, nearer the sea. We cannot see the place from here; but it lies over there. Have you ever seen his house?"

Again I shivered as I answered—

"No."

"Ah, well, you have not missed much, anyway!"

"Do you know it?" I asked, with an eagerness I could not explain. "Do you know the Bassets?"

"I am slightly acquainted with Marcus Basset; but he is seldom in England. His mother is quite a recluse—a very odd woman, I believe, and not much liked. You have a maid of hers waiting on you, I think?"

"Yes," I answered quickly, "and I do not like her. I wish I could get rid of her. Do you think I could?"

Vere's face was very grave. There was nothing unusual in that, yet I was certain he felt more serious than he generally did, and I was proportionately nervous.

"What makes you wish to be rid of her? Does she neglect her duties?"

"No, never. I almost wish she would. I may be very silly, but I can't help fancying that she is a sort of spy."

I glanced up quickly at Vere, to see if the quizzical gleam I sometimes saw in his eyes was there now; but, on the contrary, he was looking grave, even to sternness. He twirled his moustache, and said by-and-by—

"If Basset has chosen her for you, I doubt if you could dismiss her without adequate cause."

"It was not Mr. Basset; it was his mother," I explained.

"I'm afraid it practically comes to much the same thing."

"Why?"

"Because all news of Basset comes through her. Nobody knows his address save herself, and she lays down the law on his behalf, and has his authority for everything—or at least professes to have. I'm not so sure how the land lies really. There's a sort of a mystery about the old bag—I beg your pardon, I should say the ancient dame—that I have never been able to fathom; but nobody knows anything against her, except that she shuts herself up in solitude, and sees nobody but her son. In the good old times she would have been burnt as a witch; but she may be harmless in reality. I don't profess to know anything about her."

A fear that had been haunting me more or less for weeks now suddenly found vent in words.

"You don't think my guardian—if he comes back—will ever make me go and live there—with his mother?"

Vere was silent for a moment. He looked at me keenly, and I think he read my agitation in my face.

"You do not wish to go?" he queried.

"I think it would kill me!" I replied.

My sudden passion seemed to startle him. He kept his eyes fixed upon mine as he said—

"I think your friends will manage to stop that."

"Can they?" I looked up eagerly, but my eyes fell before his.

He put out his hand and laid it upon mine.

"Christabel," he said very quietly and gently, "if you will give me the right to do so, I think I can protect you from the whole world!"

* * * * * *

After the day on which Vere spoke those momentous words a new inexplicably sweet and tender element entered into my life. It was not that Vere uttered any word of love to me. He did not even press for a reply to his strange question, and he made no allusion afterwards to the hope he had half expressed.

In no accepted sense of the word was he my lover, and yet he had stirred within me feelings to which I had hitherto been a complete stranger, and in his presence I was conscious of a new delightful sense of happiness and repose, unlike anything which I had ever before experienced.

I was very glad that Vere said nothing to disturb this happy calm, that he was contented with the unspoken sympathy and mutual understanding that had in some strange way grown up between us.

I did not want to be awakened from my delicious dream; I did not want to have to think, and analyse and examine the state of my heart.

Dimly and vaguely I was aware of the crisis that was approaching, but I did not wish to be forced to look the matter steadily in the face.

Vere seemed to divine this feeling and to share it. His manner towards me was the same as it had always been, save for a touch of tenderness that I seemed rather to feel and observe.

I knew nothing of etiquette in those days only later did I learn that his fine sense of the fitness of things would, in any case, have debarred him from making love to me while I was a guest beneath his father's roof.

Yet, leaving this consideration out of the question, he felt that the tranquillity of the present was enough, and was content to wait for the next scene in the drama, which came in due course with the return of Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace to their home.

They lived in a fine old Elizabethan house, about fifteen miles from Mannesty's, and about ten from the house inhabited by Mrs. Basset, the mother of my guardian.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD MARRIAGE.—Many years ago, a gentleman whose first wife was dead rose one morning with the whimsical resolution of marrying any one of his maidservants who should first appear on his ringing the bell. He rang, and the chambermaid came up, to whom he abruptly said—

"Get yourself ready, and go with me to be married."

The girl, treating the affair as a joke, refused, and withdrew.

He rang the bell a second time, when the cook appeared, to whom he said—

"Well, my girl, I intend this day to make you my wife; go dress yourself in the best you have, and order the coach to be got ready immediately."

She took him at his word, dressed herself, and on coming downstairs was met by the chambermaid, who asked her—

"Where are you going?"

"Abroad," she said; "I have have master's leave."

She had scarce uttered the words when her master came down, and took her by the hand to the carriage, which drove to St. Benet's Church, in London, where they were married. The union, it is said, was singularly happy.

A BALTIMORE ASTROLOGIST estimates that there are $10,000,000 in gold buried in different portions of the State of Maryland, and he will point out said locations to any and all persons who will put down a five-dollar bill. Beats all how cheap things have become in this country.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WHITE HORSE.—Perhaps the biggest horse in the world is the "White Horse" of Berkshire, England. It is one hundred and seventy *yards* long to the end of the tail. It is a figure cut in the side of a hill. A long way off, it looks as though drawn in chalk lines; but the outlines are really deep ditches in the soil, and kept clean and free from grass by the people, who take great pride in it. The ditches are six yards wide and ten feet. The eye of the horse is four feet across, and the ear fifteen feet long. It can be seen for sixteen miles.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.—A magistrate at Shanghai, has shrewd methods of settling matters which come before him. On a late occasion it was a family dispute about land which he had to arrange. Finding that there was but one lawyer engaged in the case, he had him brought before him and well whipped. Then he invited the wranglers to dine with him, and during the meal he had a sermon on the benefits of harmony between relatives read out. This he followed up by himself lecturing them severely on the folly of their conduct, telling them that they were "obstinate blockheads." And so the case was disposed of, and, on the whole, justice was done.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST.—The magpie according to tradition builds half a nest. Thus runs the legend: "Once upon a time, when the world was young, the magpie was the only bird unable to build a nest. Applying for assistance to the various members of the feathered tribe, they one and all proffered help. The blackbird said, 'Place that stick there,' suiting the action to the word. 'Ah!' said the magpie, 'I knew that afore.' Other birds followed with their suggestions, and each were told by the magpie, 'I know it afore.'" When the nest was half made the pertinacity and conceit of the pie so disgusted the birds that they told 'mag' to finish the nest himself; which task being beyond his powers he has had but half a nest ever since."

A NOVEL KIND OF CASHIER.—The Siamese ape is said to be in great demand among Siamese merchants as a cashier in their counting houses. Vast quantities of base coin obtain circulation in Siam, and the faculty of discriminating between good money and bad would appear to be possessed by these gifted monkeys in such an extraordinary degree of development that no human being, however carefully trained, can compete with them. The cashier ape meditatively puts into his mouth each coin presented to him in business payments, and tests it with grave deliberation. His method of testing is regarded in commercial circles as infallible; and as a matter of fact, his decision is uniformly accepted by all parties in the transaction.

MARCH.—This month anciently had two other names—Rhed Monath, from one of the deities to whom sacrifices were made in March; and Illyd Monath, or Stormy Month. The ancients always regarded it as an unlucky month for marriages, though it only contained six unlucky days, or "dies mala." According to one ancient calender, the first, sixth, and eighth, and according to another the fifteenth, sixteenth, and twenty-eighth, were the days on which nothing should be attempted. March, we know, either "comes in as a lion and goes out like a lamb," or "comes in as a lamb and goes out like a lion." It is also said that "a March dust is worth a King's ransom!" but contrariwise we are told that "a dry March never begs its bread." The precious stone peculiar to the month is the jasper, which ensures long life, health, and general prosperity.

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED BY CATS.—In the year 1783 two cats belonging to a merchant in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt the two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the floor of the room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the streets and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed them into the fields, where he again saw the cats scratching and burrowing in the earth! Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's house was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forbodings of his cats.

Court plasters—Awards for damages.

SOME DAY.

BY W. W.

You say that life's a haunting gloom:
A specire o'er a yawning tomb:
A mist on time's engulfing stream:
A shadowy, weird, and fitful dream:
And yet an essence in this life,
Cleansed from earth's warring sin and strife,
And clothed in robes of shining white,
Shall enter through the gates of light,
Some day! some day!

Here, perfect love is never found;
There, love's fruition shall be crowned:
Here, blind, we stumble on in pain;
There, all the paths shall be made plain.
While souls earth's clay has severed wide,
Or parted were by earthly pride,
Shall meet around the Father's throne,
And bask in joys before unknown,
Some day! some day!

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID."

"MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

IRIS had looked for him as usual, and, not seeing him, had sung and acted better and more brightly even than usual.

"Your voice improves, my dear," said Mrs. Berry, as she helped "the dresser" to exchange the white satin robe of the last scene for Iris's plain everyday clothes; "but you don't look well, my dear. You look pale, and—are you unhappy, my dear?"

Iris smiled faintly.

"Isn't everyone unhappy, more or less, dear Mrs. Berry?" she said, putting the question aside.

Mrs. Berry looked at her quite searchingly.

"Young, beautiful, the favorite of the people—and not happy!" she said. "It is a funny world!"

"Is it?" said Iris, smiling again. "I haven't found very much fun in it—as yet."

At this moment Paul knocked.

"Mr. Montmorency is going to hear me play over the score in half an hour, Mrbel," he said.

He looked pale and anxious, and restless with eager excitement, and Iris drew him towards her and stroked the hair from his forehead soothingly.

"Don't be too anxious, Paul," she said in a low voice; "you will find it will all come right."

"You are a pair of you!" said Mrs. Berry with a smile, "and both as simple as children. Are you going home alone to-night? Let me come with you."

Iris hesitated for a moment, with a longing to accept the kind offer, but she knew how tired Mrs. Berry always was after the performance, and that Markham Street would take her some distance out of her way, and she shook her head.

"No," she said; "why should you? One would think I had to drive through a forest of ravening wolves! You shall not be kept out of your bed for the sake of keeping me company."

"My dear, a forest of ravening wolves is not a bad description of London at night," said Mrs. Berry gravely.

"Is it not?" replied Iris with a laugh. "Well, let them raven as they may, I am not afraid of them."

Paul accompanied her to the door, with his violin under his arm, and saw that she was wrapped up.

"I shan't be more than an hour—or an hour and a half, Mabel," he said as he quickly closed the cab door. "Don't sit up if you are very tired," he added wistfully.

She laughed softly.

"Of course I shall sit up, you silly boy," she said. "I shall be dying to hear every word Mr. Montmorency has said."

The cab drove off and Paul limped back into the theatre.

As he did so the signor stepped out into the light and consulted his watch carefully.

The Midnight Club had nothing half so bad about it as its name, which indicated the hour at which its doors were opened to the members.

It was situated in a small street in St. James', and was one of the most select of the fashionable clubs.

There was play, but not much of it, and not very high, the members having other places to go to when desirous of wooing the fickle goddess of the green table.

At the Midnight they were more given to suppers and convivialities of a pleasant and unconventional kind.

Men dropped in after the theatres, or they had taken their wives home from some reception or ball, and in the comfortable and luxurious room of the Midnight threw off the ceremonious restraint which they had worn rather irksomely during the latter part of the evening.

Periodically they had one of those gatherings which it is the fashion to call "smoking concerts," and to these singers and actors were invited on the understanding that they made themselves amusing.

Ladies were made welcome, that is to say professional singers and actresses; but only those who had grown careless of their reputation, or had never had any to trouble them, put in an appearance at the "Midnight Smoking Concerts."

It was said that if a woman would go there, she would go anywhere.

And yet there was nothing very wicked in these gatherings; they were lively—certainly lively!—and very often the gorgeously-covered footmen were ordered to wheel the tables and chairs to the sides of the room and the concert developed into a dance.

But give a dog, or a club, a bad name, and hang it; and there is no denying that the Midnight had a very bad name indeed.

Large sums of money had been lost, and men had been ruined there; though similar calamities, by the way, had also occurred at other clubs which were regarded as irreproachable.

It was from the Midnight Club that Florence Delaine had been run away with by Grandison, the guardsman, but it is quite possible that he would have run away with her if the Midnight Club had not been in existence.

At any rate, there was the club, and mothers with marriageable daughters shuddered when they heard it mentioned, and declared that the Duke of Rosedale ought to be ashamed of himself; for the duke had founded it.

On this Friday night the club was very full.

It was to be a particularly good concert, so it was said, and the actors and singers who had promised to come were numerous in quantity and rare in quality.

But the cause of this large attendance was the rumor which had leaked out that Lord Ralisford and the duke had laid a wager upon Miss Mabel Howard's appearance at the concert. It seemed incredible and ridiculous.

It was well known that Miss Howard had received invitations innumerable to parties of the highest character, and that she had refused.

It was also well known that not a breath of scandal had dimmed the lustre of her fair fame.

Everybody said that she was not only a lady, but that she held herself as one, and that the only acquaintanceship she would consent to make with the world, was from behind the Lyric footlights.

No one had ever seen her at any social gathering.

People sought her in the Row or the drive in vain; the gilded youths complained that—"You couldn't even buy her photograph, by Jove!"

And now it was rumored that she was to appear at a smoking concert of the Midnight, and that the Duke of Rosedale had staked a hundred pounds on her presence.

The suite of rooms at the Midnight were beautifully decorated and furnished, as befits a place in which dukes and earls spend their bright hours.

It was said that nowhere in London, or even Paris, could you get so recherche a supper, or such rare wines, and people who used to be fond of declaring that the House of Commons was the best club in London, now added—"after the Midnight."

On this particular night the supper parties had hurried over the meal, and leaving the magnificent salle a manger, had hastened into the smoking-room, in which the concerts were held, and which was large enough to form a fair auditorium.

The concert commenced at twelve, twelve punctually, and at that hour four of the best singers of the day—all gentlemen—gave off a quartette.

People were laughing and talking in an undertone nearly all the time, and there was a buzz of suppressed excitement and curiosity which indicated that the concert was not the chief attraction for that evening.

Presently Lord Ralisford, accompanied by a sporting marquis and one of the Cabinet Council, came in.

The entrance caused a little stir, and as they made their way to seats near a small table, people exchanged glances significantly.

Lord Ralisford looked round, and nodded to one and another with his pleasant smile; then he turned to the Cabinet minister.

"I'm afraid you'll think you've wasted your time, Gainsford," he said, "and wish yourself back in the House! But don't blame me; I told you all along that she wouldn't come. It is impossible."

The right honorable smiled in his grave way.

He was an admirer of Miss Mabel Howard, and the rumor that she was to appear at the Midnight had surprised him and had excited his curiosity so deeply that, at some sacrifice, he had left the ministerial benches to see for himself how the wager would be decided.

"I hope she won't," he said quietly. "I like Miss Howard, and I should have thought this the last place in the world in which to see her."

"Just so," said Ralisford. "It's ridiculous. Why, I think I told you that my mother asked her in the nicest way to come to one of her 'At Homes,' and she refused. Why on earth should she come here?"

The cabinet minister nodded.

"Where's the duke?" said the marquis. "I wonder whether he'd take me at the same odds?"

Lord Ralisford laughed confidently.

"I'm almost inclined to bet that he doesn't show up, leave alone Miss Howard," he said with anticipatory triumph. "It was just a piece of brag on his part, that's all!"

Just as he spoke the diminutive figure of the duke was seen entering the room.

He came along the narrow lane made for him by the crowd with his eyes lowered, and his wrinkled, colorless face wearing the half-cunning, half-impassive look which reminded one so much of a monkey; but, as Lord Ralisford spoke his name, the little eyes twinkled with malicious amusement, and his face grew into a network of wrinkles.

"Well, duke!" said Lord Ralisford banteringly; "we thought you had fled the chaffing! Come alone?"

"Quite alone," said the duke, with a little air of surprise.

Lord Ralisford turned with a laugh to the others.

"Where is Miss Howard?" he said in an undertone, and mockingly.

The duke nodded and grinned.

"She will be here presently," he said.

Lord Ralisford laughed incredulously.

"I tell you what, duke," said the young marquis; "if you'd like to go that bet with me as well as Rally——"

"Certainly," said his grace very carelessly.

"Do," said Lord Ralisford. "It's as easy to draw two checks as one."

"Oh, you will only have to draw one," said his grace, and he sat down. "Who's singing? What a lot of people here! Come to see Miss Howard, eh?" and he grinned.

"Come not to see her," retorted Lord Ralisford. "Hallo! By Jove!" He broke off, half rising, and looking towards the door.

"What is it? Has she come? Never!" exclaimed the marquis eagerly.

"No, no!" exclaimed Lord Ralisford hurriedly. "But I just caught sight of Clarence Monty."

"Montacute!" said the marquis, with surprise. "Haven't seen him for an age! Where's he been, I wonder? Beckon to him, Ralisford!"

Lord Ralisford got up, and making his way to the end of the room, touched the new comer on the shoulder.

Lord Clarence turned.

He was looking thin and pale, and there was an expression of preoccupation and weariness on his face that rather startled Lord Ralisford.

"Hullo, Monty!" he said. "Where on earth did you spring from? Where have you been? Haven't seen you for months! Been queer?"

"No," said Lord Clarence; "not at all! I've been—been abroad." As he spoke, the light which had come into his face at greeting his friend, died out again; and the absent, preoccupied manner returned.

Lord Ralisford looked at him very curiously.

"Come and sit down," he said. "Here's Charley, and the duke, and Gainsford; quite a crowd of us to-night, eh?"

Lord Clarence followed him moodily to the table where the little group sat, and exchanged greetings.

"You've come in time for the fun, Monty," said the marquis pleasantly. Lord Clarence was the favorite, and had been almost missed: no one is ever quite missed in London society. "Where have you been hiding yourself, you old owl? Wherever it is, you've moulted since we saw you last."

Lord Clarence smiled and looked around him wearily, as he thought of the burst of mocking laughter which would have arisen if he had said,—

"I have been looking for the woman I love!"

"You don't ask what the fun is, Monty," said Lord Ralisford.

Lord Clarence turned suddenly towards them.

"What is it?" he said indifferently.

Lord Ralisford told him the story of the bet.

"As if Miss Howard would come to the Midnight, even to oblige the duke," he concluded.

"Who is she?" asked Lord Clarence absently.

His question provoked a loud peal of laughter.

"You owl! Not know Miss Howard, of the Lyric? Why, man, you must have been living in a coal mine for the last month! Here,—give him a cigar, somebody, and leave him alone! He is out of it!"

Lord Clarence was quite content to be left alone, and lighting his cigar, leant back in his chair and looked round, the room absently.

"Your cheek gets nearer every moment, duke," said Ralisford presently, as he glanced at his watch. "She is not coming,—as I said!"

The duke smiled, and putting up his eyeglass, looked towards the doorway.

A tall figure, with long hair and a black moustache, had entered in a stealthy kind of way, and stood lounging near the entrance.

"Hallo!" said the marquis; "there's that Italian fellow who is always hanging about the Lyric. How did he get in here?"

"Going to sing, or something, I suppose," said the duke, dropping his eyeglass, through which he had seen the signor bestow upon him a very quick, stealthy signal.

"I always feel as if something in the shape of a long knife had struck me in the back when that fellow comes near me," said Lord Ralisford. "Wonder who the deuce he is?"

"An adventurer," said the duke indifferently. "Play him at ecarte, Rally, and you will find out sharp enough!"

"I d'e'say," assented Lord Ralisford. "Nice looking customer, isn't he, Monty?"

"Who—where?" said Clarence, looking round.

Then, as he saw the signor, his face flushed, and he half rose.

He had recognised him in a moment, and was assailed instantly by the desire to fly at him; but, with an effort, he sank back into his seat and watched him silently.

Lord Clarence had come into the Midnight by the merest chance.

He had returned from Paris that afternoon—evening rather, and passing down the street, had heard the sound of music at the club and gone in, hoping that he might lose himself and his thoughts for an hour or two at least.

For long restless weeks he had been scouring the French and Italian cities in search of Iris, impressed by the idea that she would leave England and hide herself abroad, and little guessing that he might have seen her any night by taking a stall at the Lyric.

Mr. Barrington had written and told him of her discovery, but the letter had followed Clarence from place to place and had not yet reached him.

To-night, as he had wandered about restless and dissatisfied, he had almost come to the conclusion that she was lost to him for ever—dead, perhaps, for all he knew! And a grim despair was settling upon him. Perhaps there was nothing left for him but to return to Knighton and resign himself to the inexorable fate which had set a curse like a seal upon his life.

And now, the very night of his return, here was the dark, sinister face of the scoundrel Ricardo rising from the crowd? Clarence knew that this man had been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in Italy, where he had been sent for trial, and knew that he must have escaped in some way or other.

Perhaps, who could tell, the fellow had some clue to Iris's whereabouts? Concealing his anxiety and eagerness as well as he could, he kept his eye on the signor.

* * * * * *

Iris had reached home without meeting with anything in the shape of a wolf, and had gone to Paul's room.

Mrs. Barker took her a cup of coffee, and looked round with surprise for Paul.

"He will not be here for an hour or two," said Iris. "I will sit up for him, Mrs. Barker," she added, with her usual thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Barker remonstrated, but Iris was as firm as she had been with Mrs. Berry.

"Paul would be sorry if you were kept up; you look dreadfully sleepy now," she added, with a smile.

"Well, I do get tired after eleven, miss, and that's the truth!" admitted Mrs. Barker. "But I don't like to leave you to open the door. Well, if you insist, miss," stifling a yawn.

"I do," said Iris, laughing gently. "I believe you are afraid that I shall leave the latch unfastened!" and Mrs. Barker was induced to retire, though reluctantly, and declaring that it was much against her will.

Iris threw herself down upon the couch, and closing her eyes, let her thoughts carry her away to Knighton in a moment.

She could picture Lord Heron in all her favorite places, and see him standing on the terrace watching the sunset as he had so often watched it in the happy days gone for ever.

Did he ever think of her as he sat on the seat on which she used to sit, stand on the spot where she used to stand, or had he forgotten her?

Had the beautiful Lillian Foyle driven her, Iris's, image from his heart, thrust it aside and enshrined her own there?

If she had not yet succeeded in doing so, could there be any doubt that she would succeed in doing so before long?

"Oh, my darling!" she murmured, as the tears slowly filled her eyes. "You are lost to me for ever! I can only pray that you may be happy! Yes, I can do that; and I do, I do!" and she choked down the rebellious sob that would rise.

A knock at the street door startled her from her dreams, and she rose, a little confused.

"Paul is soon back," she murmured, glancing at the clock. "Perhaps Mr. Montmorency has broken his word, and has not heard the music. Ah! I am always looking on the dark side," she murmured penitently. "It is more likely that he has heard enough to tell Paul that he will have a great success."

She lit a candle and went down stairs. The house seemed strangely quiet and still, and she stood for a moment with her hand raised hesitating, under a sudden fear of which she was so ashamed that she opened the door so quickly that the wind blew out the candle.

"Paul, is it you?" she said.

"Does Miss Howard live here?" said a voice.

Iris started and leant forward. A boy stood on the steps peering up at her, a boy whom she remembered as having seen among the carpenters at the Lyric.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Howard," he said. "Please I've brought a message from Mr. Paul."

Iris caught her breath, and the color left her face.

"What is it?" she breathed. "What has happened? Quick! Is he ill?"

"You're not to be frightened," said the boy, evading her entreating and anxious eyes. "He ain't exactly ill—that is, not serious—but he's been took queer, and ——"

"Oh, come inside! Tell me—tell me the truth!" cried Iris, and she drew him in and held him.

The boy looked embarrassed and shuffled out of her grasp.

"There ain't any call to be afraid," he

said. "He ain't dangerously ill. I was to tell you that, but you'd better come at once. That was his message."

"Yes, yes! Where is he?" demanded Iris, trying hard to be calm.

"He's at Mr. Montmorency's," said the boy, with all the glibness of a London urchin who had been brought up behind the stage wings. "He'd gone there to play ——"

"Yes, yes I know," broke in Iris. "I will come with you at once. I will not be a moment. Oh, Paul!"

She ran upstairs, and, catching up her hat and the long fur cloak which she usually wore to and from the Lyric, was downstairs again before the boy had scarcely time to prepare himself for the next lie.

"Come!" she said quickly. "You—you are a good boy to come and tell me! Where is he?"

"This way," said the boy. "I've got a cab here. I didn't bring it up to the door for fear of frightening you, miss."

"Yes, yes!" said Iris. "Is—is he—— Oh! tell me what it is."

"It ain't anything much," said the imp. "He just got faint like. He wrote a message on a piece of paper ——"

"Where is it?" said Iris feverishly.

"I lost it coming along," returned the juvenile Ananias. "There wasn't anything in it, 'cept asking you to come."

The hansom sped along through the deserted streets, and Iris, leaning forward eagerly, seemed to urge the horse with her handsome, terror-stricken eyes.

Suddenly it swept down Duke Street, and pulled up at the Midnight.

The boy jumped out, and held his hand, and the cabman drove off, with—what at another time, would have struck Iris—suspicious celerity, but her brain was in too much of a whirl to notice it then.

The boy made way for her to enter the hall, and at that moment a burst of music wafted down to them.

Iris drew back.

"What place is this?" she said.

"Mr. Montmorency's," said the boy unblushingly. "He's got a little party on, and Master Paul has come to play to them. Mr. Montmorency wanted to send the people away, but Master Paul wouldn't hear of it."

"No, no! That is like him! Oh, Paul! Paul!"

"This way," said the boy, and he led her up the stairs.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THIS way, miss," said the boy, eyeing her cunningly, and he laid his hand upon the handle of the door.

As he did so, a burst of applause and laughter sounded from within. Iris drew back, and looked at the boy with anxious doubt.

"Paul is not in there," she said, and a feeling, that was scarcely strong enough for suspicion, smote her. "He is not in there with all that noise."

"Oh, yes, he is, miss," said the boy quickly, but he evaded her anxious and questioning gaze.

"Go and tell him I am here," said Iris, drawing back a step; "go and tell Mr. Montmorency——"

Before she could finish, the boy opened the door, and the crowded room was revealed to Iris's sight.

She stood surprised and overwhelmed by the crowd and the noise, but even then she was not suspicious, only startled.

She turned to speak to the boy, but with a quick movement he had got behind her, and was stealing swiftly down the stairs.

Iris turned to follow him, when, from the crowded room, Ricardo glided towards her.

"You have come!" he said smoothly. "I felt sure——"

"Paul! Where is Paul?" she exclaimed, recoiling from him, her eyes fixed on his false, smiling face.

"Our little friend is here," he said. "Do not be alarmed; he is in the room beyond there, waiting for you," and he offered his arm.

They were standing in the open doorway, and Iris's entrance had already attracted attention.

Men and women were looking round at her with marked interest and curiosity, and there was an unpleasant smile on the faces of the women.

Iris's breath came very fast and painfully.

"Paul here?" she exclaimed as suspicion and dread flashed upon her mind. "I do not believe it!" and she slowly shrank back.

"On my honor!" commenced Ricardo, but at that moment the diminutive figure of the duke stood beside him.

With a low bow he held out his hand to Iris.

"Welcome to the Midnight, Miss Howard!" he said with a smile that was half-respectful, half-triumphant.

"The Midnight!" repeated Iris. Then she understood where she was. White to the lips she looked round with a frightened gaze.

She would have turned and fled, but Ricardo had closed the door and leant against it in a lounging and careless attitude, but at the same time effectually barring retreat.

"The Midnight!" she repeated. "What—what does this mean? Oh, your grace—" she faltered breathlessly, "I came because they told me that Paul was ill!"

His grace smiled soothingly.

"Ten thousand pardons!" he murmured. "There is no need for alarm; your little friend is, I trust, in perfect health. It was a little ruse, a pardonable ruse, to obtain your presence here. Yes, I think you will admit that it was pardonable when you reflect how highly we prize your company. The Midnight is honored above words by your presence, Miss Howard! Permit me to lead you to a seat; the concert is not yet over!"

He held out his arm, but Iris shrank back with a look of indignant loathing.

"I have been deceived!" she panted; then she drew herself to her full height and looked down at him, her glorious eyes blazing with all a woman's scorn. "How dared you!" she exclaimed, and although the words were scarcely spoken above her breath, there was such majesty in them that the contemptible little duke winced and changed color. "What harm did I ever do you that you should deliberately plot to insult and degrade me?" she went on.

His grace went pale, and his eyes glittered evilly, but he still smiled.

"Open the door, and let me go at once!" said Iris, still quietly but firmly, and with repressed passion.

The duke drew nearer, and whispered half-coaxingly, half-threateningly—

"Don't make a scene! You are here, and that's an end of it! Stay five minutes, and I will conduct you to your cab ——"

"Not one moment!" broke in Iris. "Do you force me to appeal for protection, your grace?" and she waved her hand towards the people.

The duke frowned and bit his lip.

"For Heaven's sake, be sensible!" he said, still in a whisper. "Remain five minutes! What harm can it do you? None! Whereas, if you insist upon making a fuss ——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear young lady, are you anxious to make a paragraph in the morning papers? Five minutes only! You can go as quietly as you came; your presence will scarcely be noticed—come, be sensible!"

Iris stood panting, her eyes all aflame; contempt, anger, a passion of indignation, took possession of her, and, almost beside herself, she raised her hand—perhaps to strike him—certainly to thrust him from between her and the door.

The duke went white, and moved slightly, then, with two spots of crimson burning on his cheeks, he laughed.

"You are not on the stage, now, my dear young lady," he said mockingly. "Spare us these heroics and make yourself at home. Good gracious, this is not a thieves' kitchen! You will find plenty of your acquaintances here! Stay five minutes, and, sing one song for us! I'll crave it on my bended knees, if you like."

Iris looked round desperately; one or two gentlemen had come near to them, among them Lord Rallsford.

He bowed and smiled; he had not heard a word of the conversation, and had no idea that she had been entrapped to the place.

"Will you introduce me, duke?" he said. "This is a great pleasure and honor, Miss Howard," he added, pleasantly and respectfully.

The duke waved his hand: "Lord Rallsford, Miss Howard," he said.

Iris made a little movement towards him.

"My lord," she said swiftly, "I—I have been deceived; I did not come here willingly."

The duke broke in with a very loud laugh.

"A ruse, a pardonable ruse, Rallsford, I admit," he said. "But Miss Howard has been kind enough to grant us her forgiveness, and will be gracious enough to sing one song for us ——"

"No!" exclaimed Iris, indignantly. "Lord Rallsford, I appeal to you——"

She could get no further, for a lump rose in her throat; she felt so helpless.

Lord Rallsford stared from the duke to her.

"Is this true, duke?" he said, gravely. "Miss Howard, am I to understand that you came here against your will?"

"Yes—yes!" said Iris, when she could speak; "I was told that a friend was ill ——"

The duke laughed.

"I told you that it was a ruse, Rallsford," he said, impatiently, for a small crowd was gathering round them.

Just before Iris's entrance, Clarence Montacute had got up and strolled into one of the rooms which jutted from the smoking room to get some coffee.

He was tired of the whole affair, and was wondering how he could escape without creating a fuss.

He was coming back into the larger room with the coffee cup in his hand, when he saw the people crowded round the door.

With listless indifference he approached it; then he saw Iris's face, and stopping short, he let the coffee cup fall to the ground.

For a moment he believed himself the victim of an hallucination.

Iris, the centre of a crowd at a concert of the Midnight Club! Oh, it was impossible!

Then he caught the sound of her voice, and convinced that he was not dreaming, he pushed his way through the group, and "Iris!" broke from his lips.

Iris heard him, and with a startled cry turned towards him.

The duke started, and looked from one to the other, and would have got between them, but Clarence thrust him aside.

"Iris!" he said again as she sprang to him and seized his arm. "You here!"

The crimson flooded her face, then she went white.

"Clarence!" she panted. "Take me away! They have brought me here under false pretences—by a trick——"

A murmur of excitement and curiosity rose from the onlookers: here was a sensation indeed, a greater treat even than they had expected!

Clarence Montacute drew her arm within his, and confronted the duke with a dangerous light in his eyes.

"I have the honor to be a friend of this lady's, your grace," he said in a low voice, but so distinctly that almost everyone could hear. "Her presence here is owing to some treachery, for which, if I mistake not, you admit yourself responsible!"

The duke shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but the smile was an uncomfortable one.

"I admit nothing, my lord," he retorted with strained courtesy. "Perhaps you had better apply for information to another friend of Miss Howard's," and his small eyes glanced towards the signor, who had got as near the door as possible, and would have got on the other side of it if he could have forced his way through the crowd.

Iris shuddered.

"Yes!" she murmured almost unconsciously. "It is he who has done it!"

Clarence had got her upon his left arm, but his right was free, and as he made his way to to the door he came within reach of the signor.

"Out of the way, you scoundrel!" he said with suppressed passion, and as he spoke he dealt him a heavy blow across the face.

The signor went down beneath it as the ox goes down at a blow of the poleaxe, and Clarence led Iris to the door; but here he paused a moment, and turning to the astonished and excited crowd, quickly said:

"I call all present to witness that this lady was induced to come here this evening by a trick. She is the victim of an infamous plot in which all concerned shall be held responsible."

As he spoke, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and taking out a card flung it at the duke's feet, and leaving the spectators speechless with amazement, led Iris out.

She was too agitated to utter a word to him, and clung to his arm in silence until they had reached the street.

His own agitation was little less than hers; indeed he could scarcely persuade himself that he was awake!

For a few minutes they walked in silence, utterly regardless of the direction their steps were taking, then her trembling grew less violent and at last she found her voice.

"Oh, Lord Montacute!" she murmured. "Where did you come from? What should I have done but for you? Is it really you?" and she looked up at his pale, agitated face as if she could scarcely yet believe in its reality.

"Yes, it's I!" said Clarence hoarsely. "I only returned from Italy this afternoon"

"From Italy?" she echoed, and her voice fell.

She could guess what his purpose had been in going there.

"And you, Iris?" he said anxiously. "How did you come here, at this place and at this time of night? Great Heaven, it is all like a hideous dream still! Tell me everything!" and he stopped and looked at her with piteous entreaty.

"It was a trick, a ruse!" she said feebly, then stopped. The reaction was setting in, and she felt faint and exhausted.

Lord Clarence hailed a cab and helped her in, and as he followed asked her for the address.

"Now," he said, "don't speak until you have rested!"—he still called it "wested," but Iris had forgotten to smile at his slurred "r's."

"I am all right now," she said with a long sigh. "Oh, I have so much to tell you,—and yet, can I tell you?" she said sadly.

"You must tell me everything, Iris," he said; then he added delicately, "Miss Knighton!"

"That is not my name," she said gravely, and beginning to tremble again. "My name is Howard, Mabel Howard, and—and—" she hesitated, but went on very bravely,—"I am an actress at the Lyric Theatre."

Lord Clarence stifled the exclamation that rose to his lips.

"An actress at the Lyric!" he said, after a moment, in which he recovered his self-command. "And why?"

"Needs must when Poverty drives," she said, in a low voice.

"Poverty!" he exclaimed, stifling a groan as he pictured all she must have gone through. "Poverty! Oh, Iris, Iris! But"—and he put his hadd to his brow—"the jewels——"

"I lost them, Lord Clarence," she said simply.

"But your friends, Mr. Barrington?" he asked.

"I have hidden myself from all of them, even from you, one of the truest of them!" she said, in a low voice.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed under his breath. "You, you, Iris Knighton, in poverty and an actress!"

"Why not?" she said steadily, but sadly. "Ah! you forget that you have given me a name that does not belong to me! And it is not dishonor. No."

"No, no!" he assented hastily.

"No, Lord Montacute; better women than I have given lustre to the profession I have joined, and which has succored and saved me!"

"Yes, yes; but that you, you should be brought to such straits!"

She smiled sadly.

"Ah! you forget," she murmured. "Who and what I am that you should exalt me?"

"In my eyes you are what you have always been, the noblest, the highest amongst women, Iris."

"Hush!" she whispered with emotion. "Not that name, please."

He moved with sorrowful impatience.

"Go on, tell me all."

She sighed.

"There is not much to tell, after all," she said. "I am Mabel Howard, of the Lyric; poor no longer, but rich, as the world goes, and, as they call it, 'famous.' And you have been looking for me? Oh, my friend! was it worth while?"

"It would be worth while to spend one's life for you!" he responded, quietly enough. "Yes, I have been looking for you. I went to Italy—I thought that you would go there! If I had only stayed here in London," and he groaned, "I would have found you long ago."

"I am sorry, sorry, sorry," she breathed.

"If you are," he exclaimed fervently, "prove it! I have found you at last!—let your troubles end here! Iris—forgive me, I must speak—for your own sake—for mine—I implore you to give me the right to protect you, Iris,"—he stopped, for she had laid her hand upon his arm softly, pleadingly.

"No, no," she murmured; "you must not say any more."

He forced back the hot, eager words.

"Well, well," he said with a sigh; "I will obey you to-night, for the present; but, ah, Iris, if you had but listened to me, if you had but granted me my prayer, and given me the right to shelter and guard you——"

"It could not have been," she murmured painfully. "But I am grateful,—if you only knew how grateful!"

His hand closed on hers.

"Tell me about it to-night," he said, putting the other and forbidden subject away from him by sheer force.

She told him about her meeting with Paul, and all they had been to each other, and Clarence murmured,—

"God bless him!"

"And when they told me that he was ill, I went at once,—I never hesitated or doubted for a moment!"

Lord Clarence ground his teeth.

"They shall answer for it," he said grimly; "and that man Ricardo,—if I had killed him!—he must have been in the plot!"

"Yes!" said Iris with a shudder; "it was of his contrivance, no doubt. He has been to me for money——"

"And you gave it to him?" he exclaimed passionately.

"What could I do?" she said humbly. "He threatened not only me, but—but others."

"And I was away in Italy!" exclaimed Clarence with intense self-reproach. "Oh, Iris, what you have suffered, alone and friendless——"

"You forget my true little friend, Paul?" she said.

"A boy!" he said. "But, no; I have not forgotten him, and will not forget him."

"But this man, this scoundrel Ricardo! I let him go to-night, but he shall not escape me! He should be in prison now: he was sentenced to ten years penal servitude."

Iris shuddered.

"There is no prison that could hold him, it seems to me," she said; "he is like a snake."

"Which I will scorch!" muttered Clarence. "Thank Heaven you are helpless no longer, Iris. You can hold me at arm's length, but you cannot prevent me watching over you! From this hour you shall run no more such risks as this of to-night."

"And you think I will let you waste your life for me?" she murmured.

"Waste!" he echoed, with a little laugh. "It is the only chance of happiness left to me!"

The cab drew up at Mrs. Barker's as he spoke, and he looked up at the third-rate row of houses with surprise.

"You told me you were rich?" he said reproachfully.

"So I am, dear friend," she said; "and I live in this quiet way by choice, not necessity."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGAGEMENT TOKENS.—The old-fashioned "posy" rings of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries are coming into fashion again. Of course, the revival took place in London, but is more in full swing here. The rings are designed as betrothal tokens, and have a "posy" or "couplet" either engraved or set in tiny gems, appropriate to the gift. Here is a specimen:

"Love him who gave thee this ring of gold,
'Tis he must kiss thee when thou art old."

Excellent advice. And this:

"Let him never take a wife,
That will not love her as his life."

Still better counsel. The prettiest of all:

"This, and my heart."

This old fashion is far more touching than the unmeaning hoops, lozenges and solitaires that have so long emblazoned the chains and fetters, and sealed the supremacy of the husband. The newly revived idea blends the true sentiment of marriage—mutual love—with the "chattel" principle that leads to divorce.

HAPPINESS is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness.

I AM LONELY.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

I am lonely here without you,
Lonely all the night and day;
And the joys of life seem faded—
Vanished from my life away.

In the twilight mem'ry bears me
To the times so sweet and fair,
When the sunlight of your presence
Shed its glory everywhere.

Yet all's lonely now and sorrowed,
With my life all desolate;
And I must be so till you welcome
Me beside the pearly gate.

Diana's Diamonds.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER I.

WEST MALLION is a very sleepy, easy-going little red-brick town, that lies sunning itself on the southern slope of a hill.

A cycling tourist now and then wheels himself into view, gingerly skirting the cobble-stones; the three young ladies from the rectory, with their baskets and red memorandum-books, trudge past in a violent hurry, on parish work intent; and occasionally the great barouche and pair from Mallionhay rumbles in majestically, with handsome Lady Diana Mallion and her pretty daughter, Miss Muriel Dasent, come to do as much shopping as the enterprise of the West Mallion tradesmen will allow them.

The Mallions always deal in the place, "like real gentlefolk as they are," the landlord of the Mallion Arms is wont to observe approvingly on these occasions.

And then he goes on to recall the good old times as he remembers them before Sir Henry's accident, when open house was kept at Mallionhay, and there was coming and going, and the carriages and horses of guests overflowed the Mallionhay stables into those of the Mallion Arms, and money changed hands merrily.

In those good old times before the dark, dark day when Sir Henry killed King Cole, the best horse in his stable, in Farmer Tippinge's gravel-pit alongside Withal Spinney—not to speak of damaging his own head to that extent that all the London doctors couldn't rightly say whether they could ever get the sense back into it again.

Then, perhaps by way of illustration to the story, a glimpse might be had of poor Sir Henry himself, lying back in a corner of the carriage amongst his cushions, a silk cap pulled low over his brow to conceal the cruel scars left by the horse's trampling hoofs.

The dim ghost of his old jovial smile crossing his face now and then when his wife called his attention to some friendly greeting, or he vaguely recognized some familiar object.

It was a very piteous sight. Lady Diana did not care to let him be seen too often.

She would more frequently ride into the town alone, or accompanied by her young daughter, a slight, graceful slip of a lass with a sweet, wilful, spoilt-child face, and great dusky, inscrutable eyes.

"Nothing to her mother," mine host would opine, his reminiscences forthwith meandering back to the best of all old times when Sir Henry married his beautiful wife, an earl's daughter and the widow of John Dasent, the richest man in London—though he, the narrator, was given to understand that her money did nobody any particular good, being all tied up tight by the lawyers for Miss Muriel, who wouldn't get it till she came of age the year after next.

The Mallion Arms stands in the market-place, of course: and at its lowest and most retired corner is the dark, small-paned window of "Mark Serafton, Watchmaker and Jeweler."

Within, Mr. Mark Serafton himself is generally to be found—a sedate, pale and gentlemanly young man, concerning whom West Mallion is divided in its mind.

He has been amongst them for more than a dozen years and they have not succeeded yet in analysing and formulating him.

There is nothing against him that anyone knows.

He came with the highest recommendations to "old Belshaw" as his assistant, married "old Belshaw's" daughter, succeeded in the natural course of things to "old Belshaw's" business, and having buried both his young wife and her old father, lived on peaceably and prosperously in the sight of all men.

Yet there is a vague, floating idea that Mr. Serafton and West Mallion have after all little in common.

He has, it is rumored, "London connections," wealthy folk of his own, from whom he parted in a boyish whim.

It is certain that he has money at command; and many a prosperous-looking agriculturist, driving past on a Tuesday with his smart trap and horse, thinks uncomfortably of sundry documents reposing in the safe custody of Mr. Serafton's strong-box.

It is also certain that the ordinary traffic of the shop would not keep him in board and lodging for a day, let alone his stalwart nephew, Robert Belshaw, with whom, on the evening when this story begins in earnest, he was taking a substantial tea in the parlor behind the shop.

The master was engaged with a scientific review, the apprentice with broiled ham and eggs.

The shop door-bell gave a very faint tinkle.

Robert hurried off to attend it, disgustedly, with his mouth full, and Mr. Serafton laid down his book and emptied his cup.

"Two ladies wish to see you, sir," announced Robert, returning; and Mr. Serafton, hastening into the dusky shop, bowed to two dusky figures blocking out the light from the doorway.

"We've come on private business," said the foremost. "Can't you take us somewhere where we can be quiet?"

"Certainly, madam. Robert! You may shut up, and then finish your tea. Please step this way."

And he ushered the two into a dark little private office looking on the side street.

He was not unaccustomed to visits of a confidential nature, and had, by practice, grown expert in taking his clients' measure in the first few rapid glances.

In those three short steps from shop to office he noticed the dress, air and gait of the two women; and before he had drawn down the window-blind and turned up the gas, had made a string of accurate little observations that proved useful later on.

"A lady!" was his comment on the one who had not spoken. "Holds her head high; veil unnecessarily thick; made the other fall back to let her pass first; steps well. The other?—her maid? No. Shoulders square; chest flat; stride too long for her skirts. Not a woman at all!"

He politely handed forward two chairs, and then placed himself on the far side of his writing-table.

"You are in the habit of advancing money, Mr. Serafton?" the "lady" began in a low tone.

He bowed.

"I may have done such a thing in a small way," with a gentle, deprecating shrug; "not in the regular course of my business."

"We want a large sum—and at once!" broke in the taller figure, impatiently, pushing before the other.

"A large sum! Twenty—thirty—did you want as much as fifty?" asked the jeweler, speaking deliberately with intention, while he fixed his eyes as if considering on the speaker's face. "It would, of course, depend on circumstances. For instance on the security you had to offer——"

Then he mentally ran on:

"Dark; small-featured for his size; round red lips; left eye-tooth broken off short; something marked about the eyebrows; seen eyebrows like them before—where was it? gipsy hat pulled down well over them."

"Fifty!" was the reply, with a scoff. "You do business on a larger scale than that, as we happen to know, sir. Fifty! Fifty hundred would be nearer the mark. Of course we've got security: good solid stuff, worth double the amount."

He was carrying a black leather bag, a fact which Mr. Serafton had also duly noted and weighed.

"Not his wife, that, else she'd have been the one to carry the load."

"Look here!" and he brought it down on the table with an ostentatious bang. Mr Serafton watched him in silence.

The bag contained a number of leather cases and some small articles tied up in a silk handkerchief. His client opened the first case, and pushed it across to him defiantly.

The jeweler gazed in speechless wonder.

Jewels were the one ardent, absorbing, all-devouring passion of the grave young man's life.

He gazed on the rubies with wondering, awe-struck admiration; touched them with tender, dexterous fingers; held them to the light; breathed on them; rubbed them, and laid them in their case, still gazing in a sort of devotional ecstasy.

"Now, look at these."

Next came a cross of emeralds, flawless beyond all his experience, and of a rich, intoxicating depth of color.

Then a set of huge cameos, costly in their day, in a rich, ugly, expensive setting.

Then came out of a shabby, old-fashioned case a girlish string of pearls, with a coronet and initials in pearls on the clasp. Followed by a miscellaneous collection of valuables.

Mr. Serafton turned them over, weighed, handled and valued. "How much did you want?" he asked dubiously.

"Five thousand."

"Quite impossible," he replied decidedly. "That is their utmost value."

Then he proceeded to explain, as the two looked at one another disconcerted.

"I cannot in any case advance you the money from my own resources. I know where it is to be got, and am prepared to do the best I can to obtain it for you on reasonable terms. But I am bound to protect myself from any possible risk. I should not take these trinkets, for example, under any circumstances without a clear understanding of how you came to offer them to me. I know these too well to be mistaken in them"—and he fingered the emeralds lovingly—"though I have only met them once before. They, and all the rest are, I believe, the property of Sir Henry Mallion."

The previous speaker, with a low imprecation, brought his fist down violently on the table, but was silenced by his companion, who, stepping forward with much dignity, lifted her veil, saying:

"I can satisfy you on that point, I think. I am Lady Diana Mallion."

Mr. Serafton bowed profoundly.

"Let me understand exactly what you can do for me. I have immediate need of a large sum of money at once and unknown to my husband. You are aware of his condition. I have entire authority to act for him. When he comes to himself I am convinced he will bear me out in the course which I am pursuing. For the present I desire to keep the matter secret."

"Anything I can do to oblige your ladyship——"

"I want, as you have heard, twenty-five thousands dollars."

"I might manage with the aid of friends to raise as much on your ladyship's personal security."

"That might involve interviews—lawyers—I might die," she said agitatedly. "It would never do. Let me hear what you can do for me with these. They are all my own. Nothing of Sir Henry's—of my daughter's even—amongst them. What are they worth?"

"I could negotiate the sale of these for you," he replied, putting aside the rubies and the emerald cross, "but it is a risk. Selling in haste means certain loss."

She shook her head.

"You hear," she whispered to the other. "Do you expect me to do more for you? Take the things yourself and make what you can of them."

"And raise a hue and cry at my heels directly? Thank you, no, my lady! I made my conditions pretty distinct, I fancy, and I mean to stick to them," he growled sullenly: Mr. Serafton catching the sense of the words by instinct from the fragments of syllables that reached him. He waited curiously.

"Then there is one more alternative," spoke Lady Diana at last. "You know the Mallion diamonds?"

The jeweler's eyes sparkled. "Know them well, my lady!"

"If you had those, could you raise me the money I want on them? They are worth more than ten times the sum."

"They are; but—excuse me—they are celebrated stones, heirlooms, I have been given to understand. It would be difficult to pledge them secretly."

"There is no need for secrecy. All the world may know that you have them in keeping—to be cleaned—reset—whatever pretext you like to choose. They are heirlooms, but Sir Henry has no heir—not the most distant cousin living on the Mallion side. In default they was settled on me at the time of our marriage. I may be able to redeem them before very long—" she caught her companion's eyes fixed greedily on her—"through the generosity of a friend to whom I may make my need known," she went on pointedly.

With Mr. Serafton's help, she replaced the valuables in their cases, and laid them aside.

Then she divested herself of the cloak she wore.

Underneath this was a short dark jacket, which she unfastened and slipped off, and then unpinned her small hat and long veil.

Her dark close gown, her high-coiled black masses of hair, were all a-sparkle with fairy light.

Bands of diamonds girdled her waist, her neck, her arms; diamonds blazed in one great starry cluster on her breast, shone from a coronet of lesser stars in her hair.

From a small chamois bag she rained out eardrops, pins for the hair, clasps, lockets, stray stars to form pendants or brooches at will.

The jeweler drew back dazzled at the glittering treasures flashing and scintillating in the light of his one poor gas-jet, but the other bent forward with a deep ejaculation and a face of sudden savage greed.

Lady Diana stripped herself of her glistening burden, giving each article, one by one, to the jeweler, who examined it reverently, in a sort of dumb ecstasy.

The Mallion diamonds! He could hardly find breath to answer her next words.

"Then I suppose you can manage the business for me? Come over to Mallionhay to-morrow, and tell me what I am to do. I am going to leave them here to-night."

Both her hearers started, and Mr. Serafton felt his knees give way with him.

"Why not? They will be safe here. You can give me a receipt, of course. And you," to her companion, "stand over there by the door whilst the list is being made out."

Mr. Serafton made out his inventory with trembling fingers, and a heart beating wildly with rapture.

He laid each piece of jewelry on a velvet-lined tray as he catalogued it, Lady Diana paying less heed to his proceedings than if it had been a discarded heap of child's playthings.

She stood erect and very watchful between the diamonds and the form by the door.

At the clang of the door of the iron safe she turned.

"Is that secure?"

"Perfectly. Burglar and fire proof, my lady."

"Good! You will keep a watchman in the shop."

"My nephew Robert shall surely sleep there."

"And a good dog who knows his business?"

"I think the last man who found his way into the back yard in an irregular manner was quite satisfied of the fact."

"Then you'll want everyone of them this week. Double every precaution that you have ever imagined, and you will still be insecure. Good-night."

Then, bowing graciously to the amazed young tradesman, she crushed the receipt unread into her pocket and swept out after her companion with undiminished dignity.

Down the empty little by-lane the two passed like black shadows, the man slouching along ahead, Lady Diana following leisurely.

They passed out of the town into the open country, taking short cuts and field-paths till they reached the main road at a cross way, where one arm of the finger-post bore "To Mallionhay," and the other "To London."

"There's your road," said Lady Diana quickly.

"Ah, but suppose I won't take it?" broke out the man fiercely. "Suppose I won't be shipped off to Australia for the next year or so? I've been doing some thinking on the way, and I've about decided to stay at home, and spoil your game for you; as I should like to spoil your sneering face this minute."

And he turned savagely on her, his own face white and evil in the moonlight.

The disdain on her face deepened a trifle as she answered him composedly.

"No, you will not do that, though I am here alone, and not a man within hail. You will not do that, for I am the one person in the world to whom you can turn for help."

"Fine help! Call it by its right name. Say you are buying me off and doing it cheaply."

"You will have three thousand pounds paid down. That will be more than enough to silence all those whom you have reason to fear. Your passage and outfit will be paid for. You will land in Australia as a gentleman, and one hundred pounds will be placed in your hands on landing. After that you will receive ten pounds weekly as long as you abstain from annoying us. Do you at present see your way to getting better terms for yourself from anyone else?"

"How am I to trust you?"

"Because it is to my interest to keep faith with you. I know I am only keeping off the evil day for a time, and that some day the money may give out, and my hold over you will cease. But it is for my husband's sake that I stoop so low as to trade with you thus."

He laughed jeeringly.

"For Sir Henry's sake solely, of course! We understand each other, madam."

Then he drew nearer, his eyes gleaming with an eager light from out his disguise.

He spoke in his low natural voice now. It was deep and musical a pleasing voice to listen to, and its tones were full of soft persuasiveness.

"Why should we be enemies?" he asked gently. "You are dealing generously by me; don't you suppose I might be minded to do the same by you when my turn comes uppermost? Remember, you have only seen the worst of me. Now you have given me a chance, and I'll show you I can make the most of it. What's to prevent me being as good a gentleman as another after a year or two in society?"

"I hope you will—for all our sakes," she said gravely, knowing at the same time how utterly hopeless it was to expect anything like reformation from him.

"A gentleman," he repeated eagerly. "Not a bad one to look at either. Why shouldn't good blood show itself in me as well as another? Say that I come home in a couple of years with a new name and good introductions. Suppose I am content to let my claims on you drop forever, and ask you to do nothing but keep the secret and give me your friendship——"

"Friendship with you!"

"You'll find it better than my enmity, my lady. If I'm content to leave you undisturbed at Mallionhay and take pretty Muriel and old Dasent's money as payment in full of all inconvenient demands ——"

Then the scornful composure of her face vanished in flaming wrath.

"Villain!" she cried. "Dare to take my little daughter's name between your lips again, and I go straight to my husband and take the risk of all!—Now go your way."

He scowled at her in silence; then obeying her fiery gesture turned and slunk away down the white, moonlit road out of her sight.

He stopped in the shadow of a tall bit of hedge-row.

The road behind him was empty, but he raised one hand and shook it savagely at the sky over Mallionhay.

"You shall pay me back, my lady! Pay me in full for every word you have uttered this night. Pay me with your diamonds—your girl—Mallionhay! Ah, and when I have stripped you of all, the score will be still unsettled."

The footfall of some chance wayfarer sounded afar through the night's stillness, and he trudged sullenly on towards his destination.

* * * * * *

A year or two, more or less, mattered little to West Mallion. A stranger returning after such an interval might

Only the dwellers themselves were conscious of a subtle stir and brightening of the atmosphere, of an exhilarating suggestion in the air that the bad times lay

behind now and the good times were coming, if not actually come.

Prices ranged no higher on a market-day than they did before, but Mallionhay was open again and entertaining the whole country-side right royally.

Mine host of the Mallion Arms had advanced with the times, and entertained the loungers in the bar with an entirely new series of reminiscences, beginning with the description, given with much gusto, of how the great foreign doctors had, so to speak, cut Sir Henry's head right open and set the inside to rights as good as ever; and concluding with a detailed account of the grand doings of the christening of the splendid young heir that Lady Diana had brought home with her.

The family were putting up a big stained window in the church as a thank-offering, whether for Sir Henry's head or the baby he couldn't rightly say.

It might be for Miss Muriel's coming of age, after all.

That young lady had something to be thankful for to be sure. Nigh upon a million, he was given to understand, all for her own spending.

It's a very, very serious thing to think of.

Ah, there she was, a-coming from the church sure enough, and her mother, too, and a finer pair you'll see nowhere—though for choice give him Lady Diana.

"Good-day, my dear lady; good-day, miss."

Lady Diana walked her horse a few steps farther, then turned and beckoned to him.

She was looking well and handsome, full of light and brightness.

Muriel drooped a little in her saddle, and looked around with wistful, perplexed eyes, as if care had somehow set her mark on the young beauty and heiress whose coming birthnight ball was the talk and expectation of three counties.

"What has become of Mr. Serafton?" asked Lady Diana. "I see the shutters closed. Has he left the town for good?"

Now, of all people in West Mallion, Lady Diana was best able to give news of the absent jeweler, but she had her own reasons for asking.

"Mr. Serafton, my lady, left the town—let me see—more than a year ago; nearly two it must be. His father sent for him, I am given to understand. A great diamond merchant, I think—I don't's quite remember the name of the firm; perhaps your ladyship might have known it. They do say that he has made his son a partner; but we've all lost sight of him here."

They rode silently homewards, side by side, in the green summer twilight of the leafy lanes.

"Shall you go to London to-morrow?" Muriel inquired at last.

"To London? No, child. The diamonds are at Southbeach. They are in Mr. Serafton's charge, and he is at the Southbeach place of business. Yes, I must go there to-morrow and make some arrangement about the diamonds for that night at least. You heard what your father said to-day. I did not think he could have been so agitated about anything."

"Poor mother," and Muriel leant from her saddle to stroke her hand. "He did not mean to be angry with you. You know the doctors said he might have queer fancies and irritate himself about trifles. He has approved of everything else you have done during his illness."

"I must set his mind at rest about those wretched diamonds at all risks."

"Of course you can," interrupted Muriel cheerily. "Why, by the evening you want them I shall have been able to draw you a check for Mr. Serafton's whole claim. I mean to do what I choose with my money, unquestioned and independently, I can tell you, mother dear."

"Oh, darling," sighed Lady Diana, "I see little change in the sleepy market-place, in the young ladies from the rectory, or the political out-look according to the county paper. You know the relief it has been to tell you my troubles. If Sir Henry had but recovered as completely as we hoped he would, there would have been no further need for these odious deceptions."

"Perhaps there never was the need," Muriel said in a low voice. "Perhaps if you had trusted me with the whole of your secret—the purpose for which you wanted the money."

"Muriel! my dear child, what do you mean?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEEN'S GUEST.—It is no slight honor to be the Queen of England's guest, yet this privilege has its drawbacks, especially in winter time, for Her Majesty is amazingly indifferent to changes in the temperature, and always sleeps without a fire.

But if no fire is lighted in the Queen's bedroom, it follows, as a matter of course, that there must be no fire in any other bedroom, so that visitors of effeminate habits take to shivering, and, as a rule, leave the Castle with a cold in the head, which, under the name of "Windsor cold," has acquired a celebrity, and although not entered on the records of medical science, is dreaded, and yet eagerly sought after in society, writes a London correspondent.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon was the only one who dared to complain to the Queen about the unwarmed bedrooms. The Queen replied in her most freezing manner, which made the bold petitioner feel uncomfortably hot.

"I never feel cold," and the Duke never again had a chance of shivering at Windsor Castle!

The ladies, however, suffer a good deal more from this northern custom, as, according to the regulations of the Court, they are compelled to appear at the dinner table in low-bodied dresses, and to make their toilets in the cold sleeping apartments. The usual cold in the head is the natural consequence; and now comes a second difficulty, viz., that only the very finest cambric handkerchiefs are allowed to be used.

It is a well-known fact the wife of a German ambassador in her distress once filched a napkin from the royal table and used it as a supplementary handkerchief.

During the meals, which have gained a certain notoriety for shockingly bad cooking and cold plates—their only redeeming feature being the shortness of the menu—no one is allowed to address Her Majesty, who, however, likes to have a lively conversation going on while dinner is in progress.

Therefore, any one with a good story—especially anecdotes of dogs and members of Parliament—relates it aloud to the lady or gentleman sitting next to him; if the Queen laughs, the company may smile (laughing is strictly prohibited;) if the Queen remains silent the story passes for stupid and is treated accordingly.

Should the narrative give rise to a question on the part of Her Majesty the party addressed answers his neighbor without looking at his august questioner, and he must frame his answer in such a way as not to contain a counter question, for the Queen must not be interrogated.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Queen does not use her knife and fork after the English fashion, but according to the good old-fashioned German custom.

As soon as the knife has done its business she lays it aside, takes the fork in her right hand and helps herself to the contents of her plate.

Of course, to put the knife into your mouth is a mortal offence, as is also to sop up the gravy with your bread, and a well known prince, of Roumanian descent, one day horrified the company by not only committing this crime at the royal table, but actually proceeding to lift the potatoes off the plate with his fingers. He never received another invitation to court.

In short, the catering at Windsor leaves much to be desired both as to quantity and quality. There is very little to be had in the way of amusement; and yet—who would not wish to be the guest of a Queen?

Ended In Smoke.

BY L. F.

OF late years ghosts have had rather hard times of it. They have been knocked about in all directions, worried till they have been well-nigh at their wits' end, interfered with in their legitimate perambulations, challenged to give an account of themselves, and say are they ghosts or are they not.

Flesh and blood could not bear all which they suffer, but being ghosts, and having neither flesh nor blood, they endure, and do not commit suicide, as flesh-and-blood humanity would, under such trials, assuredly do.

They suffer, too, from false pretenders, or pseudo-ghosts, who bring them into great discredit till the make-believes are found out.

And yet they deserve better treatment and more respect, for they are a very ancient class, and quite pre-historic.

"Ghosts," observes a modern writer, "are almost the first guess of the savage, almost the last infirmity of the civilized imagination."

Leaving this question to be settled as best it may be, I shall now proceed to give a true case of a ghost hunt and its result.

I say a true case, as I have it from the pen of a very eminent and experienced surgeon, who has spent a long life in extensive practice—a man of education, intelligence, and reflection; moreover, one of great physical and moral courage, and the last man in the world to let his imagination run away with his sobriety of judgment.

For obvious reasons I do not give his name, but I am at liberty to say that he has been in communication with one of our highest authorities on an interesting psychological subject.

I now give the narrative in his own written statement, which, indeed, he had previously communicated to me in conversation:

"Some winters ago I was sitting alone, reading at the fire in my drawing-room; there was a sharp frost at the time, but not any snow; the hour at or about the noon of night.

"My family were all absent at the time; the domestics were all in bed, probably an hour or two. Having been much interested in my book, I paid no attention to anything round me.

"Suddenly, however, I awoke to the fact that a footstep had been passing through my house, and that I had been hearing it listlessly for some time, without feeling surprise.

"When, however, my intellect became alive to the fact, as well as my ear, I at once became aware of its great importance.

"At that moment the footsteps were becoming faint from distance, as if the perambulator had reached the farthest extremity of the house at the rear, which terminated in my man-servant's sleeping-room.

"I may here premise that the distance from the front to the back of the house measures within the walls about eighty feet.

The first hall is about twenty feet square, the remainder being back halls, passages, kitchens, etc., terminating in the man's sleeping-apartment, as above mentioned, and divided throughout by five large doors.

"The dining and drawing-rooms open from the front hall, opposite each other, and the public road is divided from the house by an area: this depresses the floor of the apartments about six feet from the level of the road, which runs past the house on the dining-room side, and the farthest from the drawing-room; the passages are on the side farthest from this room, by the full breadth of the hall. I got up and gently opened the door of the room I was sitting in, to await the return of my midnight visitor.

"No footstep heralded his approach, nor did he appear: the sound of his steps quite ceased. I provided myself with a candle, and went through my house.

"I found all the doors carefully shut, the man-servant sound asleep in his bed; and, on going upstairs, assured myself that the women-kind were in their own rooms. On my return to the drawing room I took special care to close all the doors on my having passed through them.

"I resumed my seat at the drawing-room fire. In a few moments the firm, decided step was heard, and, having entered the large glass window, passed along the hall, into the back hall, and so on until it seemed to pass through the man's room and out of the house.

"I awaited its return: it came on, and the moment it seemed to be on the other side of the drawing-room door, the handle of which I held in my hand, I suddenly opened the door; the effect produced was to silence completely the sound of footsteps, and to show me the hall empty and quite as usual.

"I acknowledge my amazement. I might confess to a feeling almost akin to horror.

"I again resumed my chair, leaving the room-door open. No sound of any kind was then heard. After some three minutes or so I again closed the door, and in a few seconds my invisible friend resumed his exercise as before.

"This investigation I repeated three or four times, always with the same result.

"Whilst I was shut up in the room the pace was distinct and firm; on suddenly opening the door, when the person should be seen in a certain part of the hall, there was no figure visible nor any sound of footsteps whatever to be heard.

"The sensation produced was that of awe, and I could not avoid thinking how fortunate it was that a person of weak nerves was not in my place; for assuredly an epileptic or convulsive seizure would have resulted.

"Whilst I sat thinking on this strange matter, a pencil I had been marking my book with, and which I was now twiddling in my fingers, dropped from my hand among the firetrons.

'On my stooping down to find it within the apron of the fender, I became aware of the taint of tobacco-smoke.

"I at once said, 'I think I have found the ghost;' and hastening from the room, and out at the hall-door, I made for the gate which opens on the road. I there saw a sergeant of militia marching up the road.

"I waited until he returned in my direction again, and well pleased I was at hearing the well-known steady tramp I had so lately been speculating on.

"The sergeant was enjoying his turn-in pipe. We exchanged a few civil sentences; and thus my supernatural visitor made his exit in smoke, as he was characteristically bound to do.

"And now for the explanation of this strange affair, which caused me great amazement, though I felt no fear, during the visits of the invisible intruder. However, not believing in the Hamlet Senior's midnight exercises, I exerted myself to explain the phenomenon, but I failed completely, and was sorely puzzled.

"Had I not dropped my pencil so very fortunately, and stooped to look for it, I should have been a believer in ghosts to my dying day, the deception was so perfect on each repetition, and at the same time seemed so inexplicable.

"But it was not inexplicable, and the smell of the tobacco offered the solution, and made all plain.

"The drawing-room chimney was the medium down which the sounds came while the door of the room in which I sat was shut: when this door was opened, the sounds were not heard through the chimney—or at all; when the door was shut, they became audible as before."

I have but one remark to make on my friend's narrative. Many a ghost-story has no better foundation, and might find its solution if subjected to the examination of a man of very strong nerve, clear head, and good reasoning faculty such as my friend possessed.

A DISSEMBLER.—Ma—"Jamesey, how did you get your hands so dirty?"

Jamesey—"Me?"

Ma—"Yes, you."

Jamesey—"What did you say?"

Ma—"I asked you how you got your hands so dirty."

Jamesey—"Me?"

Ma—"Yes, you! Answer me immediately."

Jamesey—"M—I mean I dunno. May be it was wipin' 'em on my face. Hey, Ma!"

Scientific and Useful.

FROSTED GLASS.—A good imitation of frosted glass may be produced by applying to the glass a saturated solution of alum in water. It may be colored by the addition of aniline dyes. The coloring is not very permanent, however.

HOW TO FUMIGATE ROOMS.—The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot, and then pour vinegar upon it drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

IRON PIPES.—Iron pipes lined with glass are reported to have withstood satisfactorily the severe test of having boiling water passed through them, followed immediately by water at a temperature of 33 degrees F. Subsequent examination showed no cracking or damage to the glass.

SOAPSTONE.—Ground soapstone is one of the finest of substances, and nothing else will attach itself so quickly and firmly to the fibres of iron and steel. Soapstone is lighter as a covering substance, and, mixed with color to form paint, will cover a larger surface than zinc-white, white-lead or iron oxide.

LETTERING IVORY.—A process of lettering bone or ivory, by sinking the letters into the material in a permanent fashion, has recently been introduced. These ivory plates are taking the place of engraved metal plates for signs, checks, badges, and so on. Electrical engineers have also adopted the new plates, which can likewise be supplied to organs and pianofortes.

A MINIATURE TYPE-WRITER.—A type-writer, so diminutive in size as almost to justify the term "pocket type-writer," has recently been invented. Its extreme dimensions are four inches by three inches, and its weight less than four and a half ounces. Yet it carries all the characters necessary in ordinary correspondence on the inner edge of the revolving disc which forms the principal feature of the machine.

RUNNING STREAMS.—A new method of utilizing the power of running streams has been devised by a Russian engineer. His apparatus consists of an endless cable carrying a series of canvas cones which open and shut like an umbrella. The cable passes over a double drum on board a pontoon and at the other end over a pulley suspended from a buoy. On the lower part of the rope the cones are opened and forced forward by the current of water, thus setting in motion a shaft or drum.

Farm and Garden.

INSECTS.—It is surprising how many insects a flock of turkeys or guineas will destroy in a day. If given a large range they will be industriously at work all the time, and will need no feeding at the barnyard at this time of the year.

BREEDING.—One of the evils of breeding is that of exchanging males between a neighbor. It is only a system of in-breeding, and no improvement can be made by it. The males should come from the best stock, and should in no manner be related to the females.

FUTURE FARMING.—The farming of the future must be gradually contracted in the number of acres. Less hard work over broad fields and closer attention to special paying crops on the fields that surround the house. More pasture, more stock and plenty of ensilage, this insures the purchase of less commercial fertilizer and the very best results from the contents of the barn-yard.

EGGS.—The following recipe has been tried by a lady who says she has eggs that were preserved by it four years. They are still good. Take one pound of unslacked lime and one pint of common salt to two gallons of soft water. Put your eggs in on end, in layers, in any good tight vessel—a jar is good. When as full as you wish, make enough of the brine to completely cover the eggs. If you put the eggs down as gathered each day, add some of the brine so as to keep all completely covered the while.

HOME-MADE FERTILIZER.—All bones from the table should be broken and packed in wood ashes, the mass to be kept slightly damp. In the course of a few weeks they will be soft, being attacked by the potash of the ashes, the result being phosphate of potash, one of the best fertilizers that can be produced. If artifical fertilizers are purchased let superphosphate be selected, as one bag will be sufficient for half an acre of ground if the compost is also applied. After the crops are off clean off the garden, in order to prevent the harboring of insects, and also to assist in destroying weeds.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20, 1889.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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2 Copies One Year 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 5 00
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The Life of Home.

A man can as well weave a web of sunshine for himself at home as anywhere. But, like the spider, he must carry his loom in his own heart.

There is much good in travel, for it shapes and colors the life. It is sweet to pack the eye with charming pictures of cities that burn on the plains in the yellow flames of sunset; and pictures of rivers, spotted with the snowy wings of commerce, shooting their arrowy lengths through embattled rocks and boulders, or dragging them like glittering trails around the base of shaggy mountains, nailed to their tops, or across plains where the sunshine seems eternally laughing; and pictures of people quaintly dressed, and jabbering in a hundred tongues; and of skies of sapphire, and orange, and purple, and violet, and gold, and all these colors blent wonderfully in one. The very dullest stay at home knows the whole of this, for he certainly may know what he feels.

But yet—are there no sunsets and no sunrises about the brown old homestead, where oaks and elms wave instead of plumed palms—which imagination, fed full with tender memories, can color as gloriously as the morning skies of Mont Blanc, or as bewilderingly as the evening skies of Naples and the Orient?

Are there no water-mirrors in the woods, framed rudely in with arbuscles, and tricked out daintily with pale water plants; or brooks, creeping slily out from the hazlewood jungles, and romping off down the meadows; or glassy little river-basins, asleep in the deep solitudes—every one brimming with as beautiful pictures as the Arno!

Do breezes draw from the Adriatic, or the Hellespont, or even from the White Nile, any softer to the bared temples than the airs that drift up through the southern home valley, or over from the daisy-decked meadows, or down from the green pastures on the hillside that abuts on the river?

Is there music floating in the world softer and sweeter than the music in the weird old elms, that shake out the sunshine from their boughs? or in the glistening sycamores? or in the fir-tree branches, when the red fingers of day first begin to stretch up over the sky, and to reach far forward into the valleys?

Do you find eyes, O rolling stone traveler, brighter than those at home, that look straight into your heart? or smiles any more melting than those that circle your home-thoughts all the day long? or voices sweeter than those loved voices at the homestead, that chain you with a greater than the spell of Circe?

Are there no golden memories, hanging, like the haze of Paradise, over the dark roofs that have sheltered you so long, though arch, and cornice, and molding, and tricks were all wanting?

No dim and dreamy associations, clustering like fruit in the very tree-tops, more alluring than the glittering apples of the Hesperides?

No charming strips of sunshine lying along the hedge-rows and the mossy walls, and about the nooks and corners of the sheds, and barns, and corn-cribs?

The individual lives nowhere but in his own heart. All other than heart-life is to the true-life what plating is to gold. If the channels are choked, or the sluices are closed, the life withers and finally dies.

And it is only he who goes through the crowded world-ways with these early feelings fresh and dewy upon him, that lives out here his true destiny.

The home life, placid and undisturbed, to what heart is it not sweeter than the honey of Hybla to the lips, and dearer than the coral wealth scattered on Indian strands?

And if it be but canopied with rustic skies, fathomless and blue, and hung about with an atmosphere transparent with simple and earnest love, and fanned by the brushing of boughs far more stately than waving palms, what can be put against it of earth that shall be able to overshadow its brightness?

Look in at the old Home windows often, and so shall you keep the pictures at the hearth and on the walls always alive in your memory.

THE course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remember not fondly some resting places in their journeys, some turns of their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them, some soft plats of green refreshing to their weary feet. Confiding love, generous friendship, disinterested humanity require no recondite learning, no high imagination, to enable an honest heart to appreciate and feel them.

POETRY reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and softest feelings, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

WHAT sun is there within us that shoots his rays with so sudden a vigor! To see the soul flash in the face at this rate one would think would convert an atheist. By the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems a natural encouragement to good-humor; as much as to say, if people have a mind to be handsome, they must not be peevish and untoward.

HAPPINESS is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects with redoubled brightness. Happiness is not perfected till it is shared.

NEVER put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

PLEASURE and pain spring not so much from the nature of things as from our manner of considering them. Pleasure, especially, is never an invariable effect of particular circumstances. Largely that is pleasure which is thought to be so.

CHILDREN are the hands by which we take hold of heaven. By these tendrils we clasp it and climb thitherward. And why do we think that we are separated from them? We never half knew them, nor in this world could.

HAPPINESS depends on the prudent constitution of the habits; and it is the business of religion, not so much to extinguish our desires, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well-chosen objects.

GOD sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race,—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

"IT is not safe for man to be alone," nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind. In the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship. A good heart wants something to be kind to; and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits must suffer most under the destitution.

A CHILD'S eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought,—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

THOSE who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

SELFISHNESS, by its own law, not only moves in simple circles, but is short lived. What men do for themselves is soon expended, and is soon forgotten. Only that part of a man's life which includes other men's good, and especially the public good, is likely to be felt long after he himself is dead.

EXCESS is not the only thing which breaks men in their health, and in the comfortable enjoyment of themselves; but many are brought into a very ill and languishing habit of body by mere sloth; and sloth is in itself both a great sin and the cause of many more.

WHAT man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance that can never be satisfied?

THE faith that does not throw a warmth as of summer around the sympathies and charities of the heart, and drop invigorations like showers upon the conscience and the will, is as false as it is unsatisfying.

IN those who are deemed, and justly deemed, the most virtuous, and in whom there is no tendency to morbid self depreciation, there are deep feelings of penitence.

SUSPICION is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.

THERE is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this, a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

TRUE religious instinct never deprived man of one single joy; mournful faces and a sombre aspect are the conventional affectations of the weak-minded.

THE star I was born under tells me to look up. If we didn't come into this world to better ourselves, we might as well have stayed where we were.

MELANCHOLY sees the worst of things; things as they may be, and not as they are. It looks upon a beautiful face and sees but a grinning skull.

INGRATITUDE is, of all crimes, what in ourselves we account the most venial, in others the most unpardonable.

IF we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

The World's Happenings.

Fifty colored men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

During the civil war 267 Union soldiers were executed for desertion.

There are 136,000 drink sellers in Belgium, or one for every ten families.

There are supposed to be something like a thousand murderers loose in Great Britain.

A locomotive, to be operated entirely by electricity, is being constructed at Rome, N. Y.

The mail from Atwood to Selden, Kansas, a distance of 40 miles, is carried by Miss Kate Riemer.

A prominent citizen, aged 92, of Dayton, Tenn., was recently married to a woman 28 years old.

There are 2033 pictures of criminals in the "Rogues' Gallery" of the Boston Police Department.

During 51 years a whist player, who has counted the number of games he has played, has recorded 78,832.

There are schools for dunces in Germany, at which dull children receive instruction suited to their capacity.

George Ehret, the New York brewer, worth $30,000,000, is at his office at 4 A. M., and doesn't leave it till 3 P. M.

In the German village of Strobeck all the inhabitants are chess players. Chess is regularly taught in the schools.

A skating rink was opened at Mokelumne Hill, Cal., recently, and two small boys were crippled for life the first night.

A French soldier at Oran, Algeria, has just been condemned to death for striking a superior officer with a quid of tobacco.

The mummy of a Pharaoh, which recently arrived at Marseilles from Egypt, was charged import duty at the rate for dried fish.

A wail from a valise at the Grand Central Depot, New York, recently, disclosed the whereabouts of a 6-months-old boy baby.

The usual thickness of veneers for furniture is from one-eighth to one-fortieth of an inch, but as a curiosity they are cut as fine as 100 to an inch.

A small leasehold property in Worcestershire is announced for sale by auction, held for "the residue of a term of 2000 years, created in the year 1650."

The Twenty third ward of Philadelphia contains 6¾ square miles, an area which is one-quarter of a square mile in excess of the area of New York city.

In Paris there is a room almost completely furnished in celluloid. The curtains, the furniture, the door-knobs and even the matting was made of the material.

France, Austria and Germany have adopted smokeless powder for their armies, and are conducting experiments to secure an explosive as nearly noiseless as possible.

A pigeon, missed seven times at a shooting match in New Jersey, finally broke the string attached to its leg that it might be again used as a target, if not hit—and flew off.

The hereditary Grand Falconer of Great Britain is the Duke of St. Albans, who receives a salary of $4,625 a year for holding the title. It is doubtful if he would know a falcon if he saw one.

Services for the deaf are held in the church institute at Sheffield. The preacher speaks into a bell-shaped receptacle, from which tubes convey the sound of his voice to the ear of each person present.

In Australia an enterprising firm has made an offer of $60,000 for the sole privilege for three years of advertising on the gum side of all the postage and duty stamps issued by the Queensland Government.

A resident of Washington, who is notable as the possessor of an extraordinary large head, is said to have sold it to a certain number of physicians for $5000, the delivery of the head to take place on the death of its present owner.

In Atlanta, recently, a performing bear, while being led through the street, spied one of its kind in front of a fur store, and at once made a dash for the animal. He reared on his hind legs, prepared to make an attack, when he suddenly realized that his brother beast was inanimate, and ambled off, dragging his attendant along.

A box picked up in the Missouri river, near Missouri City, a few days ago, on being opened was found to contain a costly mahogany coffin, silver mounted throughout. In the coffin was the dead body of an infant, elegantly dressed, with a nursing bottle on its breast and the nipple tied to its thumb. It is supposed that the child had been placed alive in the coffin and smothered.

A shrewd newsboy in Dubuque, Iowa, squared his account with a bad paying customer by sending him C. O. D. a package of bricks, on which the charges amounted to something like two or three dollars. The man paid the sum, and on discovering he was the victim of an old trick, started off to learn who sent the bricks, but hasn't succeeded up to last account.

It is said that each year fifteen people out of every 1000 marry. Of each 1000 men who marry 931 are bachelors and 139 widowers, while of each 1000 women only 96 have been married before, 902 are spinsters. Twelve marriages out of every 100 are second marriages. The average age at which men marry is about 27, while the average age at which women marry is about 25 years.

A current paragraph explains that the average watch is composed of 173 different pieces, comprising upward of 2600 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,100,180 in 30 days, 137,630,000 in one year; it travels 1 6-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 3½ miles in 24 hours, 202 miles in 30 days, or 2378½ miles in one year.

FOUND.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Love found us, sweet, and linked us closer together,
In sun and shade, in bright and stormy weather.

One shall we be, whether together or afar,
Pure Love hath sealed us with his star.

God gave it us—no mortal hand could make
This chain, and mortal hand its links can never break.

Love won it, purified in loneliness and pain,
And pain shall yet be soothed by love again.

Our Expectations.

BY E. EDERSHEIM.

"HOW VERY UNFORTUNATE!"

"How confoundly annoying!"

The above remarks were made by my wife and myself respectively, one bright September morning as we sat at breakfast in the dining-room of our tiny old-fashioned cottage at Lowthorpe.

Before us each lay an open letter; and it was the contents of these letters—individually and collectively—which had called forth the remarks set down above.

To be more explicit. Ella's letter was from her uncle, Gregory Carper, signifying his intention of paying us a visit on the following Tuesday. My letter was from my uncle, Simon Finicker, saying he intended paying us a visit on the following Tuesday.

Nothing particular alarming in that, you think?

Wait a little. Old Gregory Carper was a most eccentric and irascible individual of reputed fabulous wealth, who had more than once distinctly stated that it was his intention to make his only niece (my wife) his heiress.

Old Finicker, my mother's brother, was also rich in this world's goods, and it was generally understood that I, Charles Danvers, was to be his heir.

And between these two old men there was a deadly feud. The quarrel had taken place six months ago; and each uncle (after giving us an exhaustive catalogue of the enemy's enormities) had sworn in turn that if we, Ella and Charles Danvers, exchanged words, letters, or visits with the said enemy in future, we should be ostracised by the remaining uncle for ever.

Now, for more reasons than one, Ella and I looked upon this as a serious contingency; and I regret to say we had recourse to duplicity. We gave each uncle to understand that we held the other as the scum of the earth (if we didn't exactly say so, we implied it); and, so far, we had kept on tolerably friendly terms with both.

We called our baby—we had a baby—Gregory and Simon by turns. He had been christened Gregory Simon in the presence of both uncles, just a week before the fatal quarrel took place. (Poor little soul! I used to shudder when I thought of his debut with such a name at the public school where his mother already talked of sending him.)

I offer no excuse for our unpardonable conduct. I acknowledge that I played the part of a mean, abject sneak. But I trust the reader will see that under existing circumstances the projected simultaneous visits of these two uncles was, to say the least of it, awkward.

However, there was no help for it. To write and put either off would offend the put off one almost as mortally as to allow the dreaded meeting to take place.

"There will be a fine scene!" I observed grimly, after a short silence. "By Jove! there will!"

Ella stirred her coffee abstractedly; and I stuck my egg spoon vindictively through the shell of my third egg, with a vague wish that I were inflicting corporeal injury on either objectionable relative.

"Charlie!" said my wife, in piteous tones when some few minutes had elapsed, "what shall we do?"

"Ask me something easier, my dear," I replied gloomily.

"It is so awkward in every way," she went on. "Jane does not return from her holiday until Wednesday." (Jane was our housemaid.) "And cook's being so deaf makes her so stupid. And your uncle is so fidgety and particular," she added.

I did not reply, but re-read both letters silently. No, there was no mistake, both uncles were coming on Tuesday. Mr. Carper proposed a three days' visit; Mr. Finicker intended starting early Wednesday morning to attend a cattle-show some twenty miles from Lowthorpe. He would come down, he (my uncle) said, by the 5.15 from Waterloo.

"As usual, Mr. Carper does not mention the train he intends coming down by," I observed drily. "There only remains, as a climax, that they should both elect to come by the 5.15."

"Oh Charlie! Surely not!"

"I think it is more than likely," I returned, with the calmness of despair, as I proceeded to unfold the newspaper. I had just ten minutes to read and digest it before catching my train up to town.

"Charlie, how can you sit there coolly reading the paper!" exclaimed my wife, almost in tears.

"My dear," I remonstrated, "there are five days to come before Tuesday. We don't know what may happen in that time. One of the old fools may—er—ahem! We can talk it over when I come home to-night," I concluded hastily. Then, with what I have been told is the innate selfishness of the masculine mind, I plunged into the news of the day.

When I came home at night, Ella met me with a beaming smile.

"Charlie!" she began gleefully, as I divested myself of my hat and overcoat, "I have thought of a plan!"

"A plan?" I echoed vaguely.

Reader—I give you my word I had forgotten all about those two fiendish old men.

"Oh, the uncles!" I groaned, after a moment's reflection. "Let us have dinner first, Nell, and indigestible relatives afterwards."

Ella, as all well-drilled little wives should do, obeyed her lord and master; and dinner proceeded as usual.

When I had lit my post-prandial pipe, I stretched myself upon the sofa, folded my arms behind my head, and intimated that I was ready to hear the "plan."

My wife came and seated herself upon a low stool beside me.

"You see, Charlie," she began, with round solemn eyes fixed upon mine, "I have thought and thought all day; and this seems the only thing to be done."

"Well?" I said expectantly as she paused.

"Well," she went on, "I am confident that Uncle Simon will arrive first on Tuesday; and he shall have the pink room."

"I have no objection," I observed, as she paused again, "but I fail to see how that can help us."

"Charlie, you are so stupid, dear. You know there is something the matter with the lock of the pink room door."

I looked—as I felt—bewildered.

"Yes," I assented helplessly.

"Well, Charlie," in impatient tones, "don't you understand?"

"I confess to being still at sea, my dear," I said, with abject humility. "But go on. Unfold your plan; and my feebler intellect will try to follow. The uncle who appears first upon the scene—Uncle Simon I think you said?—is to have the pink room; and there is something the matter with the lock of the pink room door. I think I have mastered these two important details. And apres?"

"Don't you see?" my wife went on, with growing excitement. "The lock has often stuck fast before. It did the last time Uncle Simon was here. We could not get it open for ever so long. Don't you remember? So what more natural than it should go wrong on Tuesday?" And she looked at me triumphantly.

"But, my child," I murmured, "it won't 'go wrong,' as you call it, on Tuesday. Things never do go wrong when they ought to. It's only when they didn't ought to," I concluded vulgarly.

"Of course, you silly boy, I know that. But then, you see, I'll make it go wrong!"

"Make it go grong!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

Ella regarded me witheringly; then said:

"Really, Charlie, you seem as if you were being stupid on purpose. Why, of course, when Uncle Simon goes up to get ready for dinner, I shall simply lock the door. Then we can pretend that the lock has stuck fast again, and that we can't get the door open. When Uncle Gregory goes to bed—you know he always goes quite early—we can let poor old Uncle Simon out, and give him a splendid supper to make up for the loss of his dinner. He is very good-natured, you know. And then," she concluded, "he will be away in the morning before Uncle Gregory is up. So there you are!"

I gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle.

"You are a most Machiavellian young woman, Nell!" I said gravely. "What a diplomatist you would have made!"

"Yes," modestly; "I think it is rather a nice little plan. It came into my head this afternoon, while I was putting baby to sleep."

"There are two rather serious objections however," I observed, after puffing at my pipe for some seconds in silence.

"Well?" rather sharply.

"Well—it seems an uncommonly sneaky kind of thing, doesn't it? Even for us!" with a grim smile.

"Oh no," promptly. "Not when you get used to the idea. I thought so myself at first; but it soon wore off."

"Ah!" I murmured, lost in admiration of this remarkable and easy code of morals.

"You said two objections, Charlie," resumed my wife. "What was the other?"

"How are you so sure that my uncle will arrive first?" I inquired. "If it should chance to be yours, I wouldn't give much for the success of your plan. Mr. Carper is a very respectable old gentleman—but I think you could hardly call him sweet-tempered! He——"

"Now, don't make objections, dear," interrupted Ella decisively. "I know your uncle will come first, because he always comes early in the afternoon; and Uncle Gregory never comes until the last train he can possibly get before dinner-time."

"Besides," I said weakly, "there will be no opportunity for the lock to stick fast, I imagine. I don't think my uncle locks his bedroom door. Men don't generally. "I never do."

"Oh, it doesn't want to be locked, you silly boy! If I left the key inside, how could I fasten it outside? Really, Charlie, you are much less intelligent than I thought you were."

I bore this accusation meekly and in silence. I was thinking what a fearful row there would be if the imprisoned uncle got out before the appointed time, and found us entertaining the enemy at dinner. Then a sudden feeling of compunction took possession of me.

"No, by Jove!" I exclaimed, rising from the sofa, and taking up a position on the hearthrug; "I won't consent to any such plan. It's certain to miss fire somehow; and then we'll be in a nice scrape. Let the two old fellows come and have done with it. If they disinherit us both, and ignore our son's future, it can't be helped. I'm heartily sick of all this pretence and underhanded nonsense, and I won't have any more of it."

But Ella, after a dismayed pause, wept and entreated so, and, in short, cajoled me in the way women do cajole us when they like, to such purpose that I at last gave in, and consented.

Whereupon hypocritical letters were written to both uncles, expressive of our pleasure at their projected visit, etc; and I permitted myself the luxury of being in an exceedingly bad temper for the next few days.

The fateful Tuesday arrived in due course, and by Ella's special request I came home by a much earlier train than usual. The afternoon had passed without bringing Uncle Simon.

Our evil star was evidently in the ascendant; for at half past five a fly from the station drove up to the door, and from it stepped—Uncle Gregory!

I looked at Ella witheringly.

"Never mind, dear," she said in hurried tones. "It can't be helped. I'll manage. Just leave everything to me!"

I muttered a few maledictory remarks under my breath, and went to the door with wreathed smiles to greet our relative. I saw at once, by certain infallible signs, that he was in one of his most aggressively unpleasant moods.

He swore at the fly-man; contradicted me flatly and rudely when I mentioned the usual fare; and snubbed poor Ella so viciously on the subject of a new velvet dress she wore, that I saw the tears spring to her eyes with mortification, and I myself crimsoned with rage.

However, we pressed him to take some refreshment—sherry, I think it was—and after two large glasses of the same he became somewhat mollified.

At this point a telegram was handed in. It was from my uncle, saying we might expect him by the 6.50.

"Wouldn't you like to get ready for dinner now, uncle?" Ella said, after some time, with a nervous glance at the timepiece (I had shown her the telegram). It was a quarter to six, and Uncle Simon's train was due in five minutes.

"Plenty of time. Plenty of time," said the old gentleman, helping himself to another glass of sherry. "You don't dine till six, do you?"

I saw that Ella was quite pale.

"Pray don't hurry," I observed calmly. As I spoke the whistle of Uncle Simon's train was heard in the distance. Ella disappeared from the room, and in another moment the dinner-bell sounded vigorously.

Old Carper rose—after imbibing a final glass of sherry.

"I hope you have something decent for dinner," he growled. "I'm as hungry as a hunter. Hadn't time for more than a bite at lunch."

I smiled a painful smile, and murmured something to the effect that I hoped he would have something he could enjoy.

The old fellow plodded heavily upstairs where Ella was waiting to usher him into the fateful pink room. In another moment my wife, flushed and breathless joined me at the foot of the stairs.

"Have you done it?" I asked gloomily, feeling as I imagine Macbeth must have done.

"Yes," she answered, showing me the key, preparatory to slipping it into her pocket. "And, Charlie, I took down the bell-rope to-day; so all is safe. But, oh dear! how very unfortunate that Uncle Simon didn't come first, I suppose he will be here directly."

Just then the door-bell rang loudly. It was Uncle Simon.

It chanced that Mr Finicker was not in the most amiable frame of mind either. He had lost his umbrella, it appeared; and was even more aggravatingly nervous and fidgety than usual.

Just as dinner was served, a loud banging was heard from the room above. (I don't think that I have mentioned that the pink room was situated just above the dining-room.) I hastened upstairs, and hypocritically turned the handle of the pink room door, having previously knocked.

"Are you not coming down to dinner, Mr. Carper?" I inquired, feeling, I confess, rather ashamed of myself.

"Coming down!" thundered my wife's uncle indignantly, from within. "Of course I'm coming down; but I can't get the door open!"

"No?" I returned, with a careful accent of surprise. "I trust this confounded lock has not caught again. We intended having it repaired, but the locksmith has unfortunately not arrived." (Which, as he had not been sent for, was not to be wondered at.)

"Shake the handle from the inside," I continued.

He shook the handle; but—I need hardly say—without effect. I shook it also.

"Perhaps you have locked it?" I suggested, allowing a fair amount of anxiety to appear in my tone.

"Locked it? Rubbish!" was the irate reply. "What should I lock it for? I'm not a woman. Besides, there's no key."

"I am exceedingly annoyed," I went on in a voice full of vexed solicitude; "but I fear we can do nothing until the locksmith comes. It is most unfortunate! He shall be sent for again, at once; but of course it will take some little time, as we are so far from the village."

Whereupon followed fearful and ungovernable language from Mr. Carper.

He shook the door violently, stamped about the room, and "went on" generally in a most alarming way.

I pacified him as well as I could, or, rather, I tried to pacify him, but he continued to storm and swear without apparently listening to my lies—they were nothing less—and at last I went downstairs again, and took my place at the head of the table in a furious passion.

Our previous deceptions had never gone as far as this; and I felt myself a sneak from the tips of my fingers to the toes of my boots.

This was a most preposterous plan of Ella's, I reflected savagely. We could never carry it out. Why had I listened to her?

As we devoured our soup we could hear footsteps tramping about excitedly and irregularly overhead. Then there was a sudden silence. It was the lull before the storm.

Scarcely had the fish been removed than a series of loud bangs resounded on the panels upstairs. Uncle Simon started nervously. Ella became crimson, and murmured something about "rousing baby." I took no notice, but went on grimly carving the fowl before me.

"Will you take a leg or a wing, uncle?" I said shortly.

"A leg, boy?" indignantly. "What are you thinking of? I'll take a wing—the liver wing—of course!"

I hastily apologised, and said I was thinking of something else. (So I was—I was thinking of Uncle Gregory.)

Bang! bang! bang! from above.

"Good gracious! what is that?" exclaimed Uncle Simon, in a tone expressive of alarm and amazement.

"What is what?" I asked coldly, without raising my eyes from my plate.

"That most extraordinary noise, Charles!" went on my uncle, in much agitation. "Is it possible you do not hear it?"

"I hear the wind rising," I replied calmly. "I fear we shall have a storm."

(Happily, the wind had risen by this time, and was blowing pretty stiffly.) "Pray help yourself to claret, uncle," I continued "I think you will find it good."

There was a short silence after this, broken by the wails of the baby, who had roused up at last. Ella went upstairs, and I engaged my uncle in polite and easy conversation.

Suddenly, just as Mr. Finicker was launched upon a lengthy tirade upon politics, the banging began again with renewed fury.

What on earth could the old fellow be doing, I wondered wretchedly, as the unmistakable crash of broken glass or crockery (or both) sounded overhead. There was no saying what he might do; for Mr. Carper, when roused, was nothing less than a madman, and he was evidently roused now.

"Good gracious! boy, what is that noise?" exclaimed my uncle starting from his chair.

"What noise, uncle?" I said, with a ghastly smile. "You are nervous to-night, I fear."

"Nervous! Listen to that, and that, and that!" he continued fiercely. "Have you a lunatic, or a wild beast, concealed in your house, sir?"

I listened hypocritically for a few moments.

"I certainly do hear sounds," I said then, in doubtful tones. (By this time the noise was enough to waken the dead.)

"Sounds! Why, you must be deaf, or an idiot, sir. It's Pandemonium, I tell you—nothing less."

"My dear uncle," I replied gently, "compose yourself. Those—er—sounds are, I regret to say, of frequent occurrence. When the wind is high, as it is to-night, the noise is positively deafening." (It certainly was.) "I will go up after dinner and fasten the skylights in the attics. They have been left open, probably. The house is said to be haunted; but that is all nonsense, of course."

"Haunted!" repeated my uncle, glancing over his shoulder nervously. "Haunted! That is very unpleasant! I—I never knew that."

"No?" I returned in careless tones. "We certainly hear some most unaccountable noises. But one gets accustomed to them in time. Do have some more claret."

Though I spoke thus calmly, I was inwardly consumed with rage, mortification and shame. However, there was no help for it. I must keep it up now at all events and by-and-by that maniac upstairs would surely, in the course of nature, tire himself out. I simply could not go and tell him any more lies. Things must take their course, I resolved desperately.

Uncle Simon helped himself to claret, and glanced upwards.

"It—it seem to be in the room above," he said, in a helpless, irritated kind of way.

"Oh, it is sometimes in one part of the house, sometimes in another," I answered carelessly. "The curious thing is that I have known weeks to pass without our hearing any peculiar noises at all. You were not disturbed during your last visit, if I remember rightly."

Here a terrific crash, followed by a piercing yell, so startled poor Uncle Simon that he sprang to his feet, overturned his chair, and spilled his wine all over the table-cloth.

"We will go into the other room," I said, seeing that the poor old fellow was as white as a sheet. "We shall not be so disturbed there."

We accordingly went into the drawing-room, where we found Ella playing merry jigs and reels upon the piano. The noise upstairs had abruptly ceased.

After a game at cribbage, in which I cut but a sorry figure, I suggested, backed up by Ella, that my uncle looked very tired; and alluded to his projected early start in the morning. He agreed that he was tired and after a couple of stiff glasses of brandy and water he went to bed.

An ominous silence, meanwhile, prevailed in the pink room.

When we were alone, I turned to Ella, and said in a voice of suppressed fury—

"Well, madam, may I ask what you propose doing now? I swear this is the last time I shall have anything to do with such confounded tomfoolery. I never felt so contemptible in my life! Your uncle and mine may leave their money to anything they please, for all I care," I continued, pacing up and down the room in a towering passion. "I refuse to take part any longer in your mean, deceitful practices."

This was distinctly unjust, of course, as well as rude; and Ella fired up at once, saying that it was as much my fault as hers, etc.

"Hold your tongue, madam!" I thundered, goaded past endurance.

Here there was an extraordinary, inexplicable, muffled kind of noise from the direction of the pink room. I seized a candle, and we rushed upstairs.

"I hope and trust he may not have had a fit of apoplexy," I muttered between my set teeth, as we reached the door. All was silent.

"Where is the key?" I said shortly. But Ella hesitated.

"Uncle," she said timidly, through the keyhole, "we have found an old key that we think will open the door. The locksmith did not come."

I listened, appalled, to this glib perversion of the truth, and wondered if it had ever been practised upon me. Still, all was silent.

"The room is quite dark, Charlie," said my wife nervously, as she proceeded to fit the key into the lock.

In another moment the door was open, and a gust of wind almost extinguished my candle. I held it aloft with a whistle of dismay; for what a scene met our eyes! The room was strewn with maimed and disfigured furniture; the mirror was cracked right across; the crockery was smashed; and the lower half of the window appeared to have entirely vanished. And oh, horror! the pale pink window curtains, the bed-curtains, the covers of the chairs, were stained here and there with deep crimson. But where was Uncle Gregory?

He had disappeared. The room was empty!

Ella, after a horrified glance around, uttered a series of piercing screams.

"Hush!" I exclaimed, seizing her arm viciously. "Have you lost your senses? You will waken Uncle Simon."

But she sobbed and cried, and declared hysterically that Uncle Gregory was dead, and that it was all my fault. I indignantly pointed out the glaring injustice of this remark; and state my conviction that the old gentleman in desperation, had probably taken a "long drop" from the window.

"I hope you are pleased with the result of your plan, Mrs. Danvers," I went on, with cutting sarcasm, "It has certainly been a most brilliant success—so far. Of all the ——"

I was interrupted by the sound of a door opening along the passage, and the next moment Uncle Simon, in an exceedingly airy costume, and carrying a candle in a dangerously horizontal position, appeared before our astonished gaze. (I had always suspected that my uncle wore a wig. Now I had ocular demonstration. His head was as bald as an egg.)

"Bless my soul!" he gasped, with chattering teeth, letting the candle run down on the Kidderminster, "this is a most ghastly house! I refuse to go to bed again, Charles," he continued excitedly. "I shall sit up all night. My nerves are quite unstrung."

Here there was a terrific and continuous peal at the front-door bell. It rang, and rang, and rang. I went down to open it—our domestic having gone to bed—and Ella followed me. Hardly had I drawn back the bolt than Mr. Carper burst in, dishevelled, panting, purple with rage; his clothes stained with earth, his hands cut and bleeding. He tore past us upstairs like a madman, and on the landing he cannoned violently against Uncle Simon, who was clinging to the stair railings shivering and shaking in his very sketchy attire. To our utter amazement the two old men grasped hands warmly, and all but embraced each other.

"Where on earth did you come from Carper?" quavered my uncle almost in tears.

"Finicker!" returned the other in a choking voice, "I'm glad to see you—very glad to see you. Let us leave this infernal place, now—at once." Then turning to me, "I tell you, Charles Danvers, you will regret the despicable part you have played to-day only once, and that, sir, will be all your life. You are a low, contemptible hound, sir. But I see now through your plot to secure both my money and my friend, Mr. Finicker's. Yes, my friend, I say. You might have saved yourself your lies, sir; and you too, madam," fiercely, to the pale and trembling Ella. "Mr. Finicker and I were foolish enough to quarrel, it is true, but I rejoice to say that we were reconciled a week ago. Ah, you may cry, madam, and you may swear under your breath, sir, but you are an infernal young liar, Charles Danvers, and your wife is not a whit better. I renounce you both, for ever!"

"And so do I," chattered Uncle Simon. "We will leave this house to-night, late as it is. We can get rooms, without doubt, at the Lowthorpe inn."

So saying he retired—with as much dignity as his costume would permit—to his room, accompanied by the dilapidated-looking Mr. Carper. Ella went on crying. I simply swore, "not loud, but deep."

Within ten minutes the two old gentlemen re-appeared, equipped for departure. Protestations, explanations, apologies, were all in vain. Our outraged relatives left the house without deigning to take any further notice of either Ella or myself; and as they disappeared into the darkness, I felt as if every atom of my self-respect went with them.

I draw a veil over the harrowing scene which followed.

My wife and I did not speak to each other for at least a week after this deplorable evening—but that is a mere detail.

The failure of Ella's "plan," however, marked an epoch in my life. It was my last deception. Since then I have been doggedly, uncompromisingly truthful and straightforward in all my words and actions; and I have observed a similar metamorphosis in Ella. If ever, in the future, I find out Gregory Simon in a lie, I shall flog him most unmercifully. We have neither seen nor held any communication with either uncle since that unlucky night. I fear our chances for heirship are gone for ever.

And so passes the glory of the world.

"WHAT is the little girl crying for?" said a very wealthy Spanish banker in a tone of exasperation. "Sir," replied his nurse, "she is crying for what she cannot get." "Didn't I tell you plainly enough to satisfy all her caprices at whatever cost? Hush, darling, you shall have what you want." "But sir!" "Not another word!" "She wants to have the sea warmed for her before she goes to bathe!" "Let it be warmed, then!"

Miss Maythorne.

BY R. W. P.

"CONGRATULATE me my dear Phil," exclaimed Sydney Vane, entering my rooms in the Middle Temple, littered with the impedimenta of a journey.

"Upon what happy event?" I inquired, drawing the buckle of a haversack.

"I'm going to be married," and, throwing himself into a chair, his hands in his pockets, puffing wreaths of smoke from his cigarette, he looked as important as though he had announced the coming end of the world.

"Never!"

"It's a fact!"

"Who is the lady, if I may ask?"

"Miss Maythorne—an heiress," he rejoined.

"Whew! Lucky dog! But how secret you've been, old man," said I; "I've never heard you mention her name even before."

"For the best of all good reasons. I did not know it myself."

"What!"

"There, don't look as if the roof is going to tumble in! I'll tell you all about it. It's just this," sitting more erect and nursing his left foot.

"My aunt is always bothering me to marry, and one day I said, 'Find me a girl who is pretty and an heiress, and I will.' Well, yesterday she informed she had done so."

"Most useful and exemplary of aunts."

"It appears she is bosom friends with a Mrs. Maythorne, residing in South Devon, who has a step-daughter."

"The heiress?"

"The heiress. Well, it seems suddenly to have occurred to the old ladies that it would be a pleasant thing to have their families united, therefore I am to go to South Devon to be seen, to see, and to conquer."

"What!" I cried. "You ask my congratulations, and you have not yet seen the lady? Why, it may all come to nothing."

"It may. I don't fancy it will," with a somewhat conceited turn to his moustache. "One does not meet heiresses every day."

"Of course you go at once to Devon, and give up our pedestrian tour in Scotland?" said I.

"Of course I do no such thing," he answered. "But directly on my return I shall go west, though by Jove! to become Benedict is not an enlivening contemplation at three-and-twenty. Still it is a connection in every way suited to our family."

Sydney Vane was not at all a bad fellow but he had one glaring fault in my eyes—inordinate family pride. As the gentleman asserts in Balfe's song, "The Fair Land of Poland,"

"His birth (was) noble, unstained (his) crest."

And Syd could never forget it. It was, so to speak, his favorite corn, and to seem to slight his importance or encroach upon his privileges was to tread upon it with a vengeance. Minus that, he was one of the pleasantest chums a fellow could have. Hence I was glad he had not abandoned our outing to Scotland, but had come to start, not to postpone.

"My dear fellow," I laughed, "don't grieve about becoming Benedict before you're sure you'll be one. Recollect there's many a slip, etc."

"Look here—we'll make a bet," said Sydney, who would have made a bet on anything. "I wager I'll be married first."

"Done," laughed I. "But here comes my Mercury to announce the cab. If we don't start, Syd, we shall lose the train."

Our plan was to proceed by rail into the heart of the highlands, that is as near as we were able to go, then tramp it on foot at our own sweet will.

It was, for a wonder, glorious weather, and we had enjoyed ourselves immensely, when one afternoon the proverbial Scotch mist or rain began to fall, and we hastened our pace to reach the small town of Foyle, consoled with the idea of soon being comfortably located by a good fire, in a cosy room, before a meal suited to the appetites of two young men who had been tramping it through the heather for a whole day.

Reaching the inn, of small but comfortable dimensions, we entered and prepared to turn into the parlor, when the landlord intervened.

"Hech, sirs, but I'm sorry," he exclaimed, "the room's just engaged for the evening. A traveller telegraphed the morn for a private room, and we hae nae ither to give him but this ane, sirs. There's the bar parlor," throwing open the door, "wha' I'll mak' ye as comfortable as a mon can."

What was not inviting in the room was more than counterbalanced by the fire glowing in the grate; and ejaculating "All right, landlord," I stepped in, when I was arrested by Sydney's voice.

"But I say it's not all right; I say it's a confounded piece of impertinence. The room's a public room, and we have as much right to sit and sup in it as anyone.

"Why should we have to put up with a place like this because a man, some counter-jumper suddenly grown rich, cannot have anyone come between him and his tape-and-calico nobility!" I saw by a glance at Syd that his family pride had been trodden upon.

"Come, Syd," I laughed, "what can it matter? It's only for a few hours."

"But it does matter, even if it were only for a few minutes. Why is our comfort to be disregarded? Why are we to be here where anyone may intrude upon our privacy?"

"My certie, sir, but the fault's no' mine," said the landlord, somewhat shortly. "Had ye sent a telegram first ye might hae had the room yourself; but I must gie it to the first-comer."

"It's a public room," persisted Syd, "and you have no right to make it otherwise."

"Sure a mon may do what he likes wi' his own."

"Come; come, Syd, there's enough said," I broke in, drawing a chair to the genial hearth. "What is done can't be helped. We shall be very jolly here. This fire is a welcome in itself, and a good supper will make it complete."

Vane yet grumbled like distant thunder, but cast his hat on the deal table and advanced towards the fire, so that I thought our troubles were over. Not so; the climax was to come. It did at once—on the subject of supper.

The telegraphist, whose party consisted of three persons, had not only ordered private apartments, but the best entertainment the inn could afford.

The inn had done its best, the town being but a very small one, situate in a solitary part of the highlands, and was in a state of famine, save in the plainest fare to other guests.

This was enough for Sydney. His wrath broke out again most, I own, unjustifiably.

During our tour we had put up with very much worse accomodation, but then it had not been because somebody had got better. Now, despite my persuasion, he seized his hat and marched off to the other inn, angry with me because I refused to quit the glowing fire to accompany him.

It was not only the fire that caused me to remain, but he had made me partly angry too, and I would not give in to his humor.

"I'm thinking," remarked the landlord, "that your frien', sir, will get no better entertainment at the Haggis, for they were nearly fu' at noon. He may, maybe, come back."

But I knew Syd too well for that. His pride would not have let him.

Just at this moment there was the sound of wheels, and some vehicle stopped at the inn. The travellers had arrived, and the landlord hurried out receive them.

There was a commotion, the murmur of voices, a genial laugh, echoed by one of silvery sweetness.

Humph! There were ladies, or at least a lady. Had Vane known that, it might have reconciled him to the discomforts from which he had so indignantly flown. It consoled me, and I was feeling only anxious for something to eat, when there was a tap at the door.

"Come in," I called, then rose to my feet, for there stood in the room an elderly gentlemen—a perfect gentleman—with snow-white hair, and the most genial of expressions.

Begging my pardon for intruding, he had just heard from the landlord how he had monopolized room and provender to the deprivation of other guests, and was quite grieved. He would on no account have done such a thing had he known. There was only one way he could make amends, and to return good for evil—namely, for me to become his guest at supper.

I declared I could on no account think of intruding. I protested there was no need. I said I had heard there were ladies, and I could not think ——

"My wife and niece," broke in the old gentleman, cheerily. "My dear sir, they are more vexed than I. You really must come. I'll take no refusal. I only wish your friend could also join us."

"He, like I am, would then have been rewarded for his forbearance, for I can no longer resist your kind invitation."

I smiled, then I cast a look at my tourist dress, recollecting the sweet, musical laugh; but the toilet is not regarded at such times, and I followed my host into the next room.

"My wife—my niece. My dears, Mr.——"

"Ramsden," I put in, "who offers a thousand apologies for this intrusion, but who could not resist an invitation so kindly given."

Before me were a handsome elderly lady, and—stay, how shall I describe the niece?

About eighteen, with soft violet eyes full of pleasant merriment, lips even Cupid might have mistaken for his mother's, and a pretty head running over with curls. The sweetest face I had ever seen.

We were soon seated at supper, and never was there a happier party. They knew my name, as a barrister; remembered a defence I had made which had won my case and the compliments of the Judge.

It had been a case which had touched the public, and the niece's eyes most flatteringly sparkled with admiration as she looked at me.

I was sorry Syd was not there; and yet, somehow I was glad.

When we parted for the night we seemed quite old friends. Mr. Shirley with his wife and niece, were going to a hunting-lodge which lay on our route and he invited me and my friend to pass a day or two with them.

I fancied the niece Clarice's eyes endorsed the invitation. At any rate, I gladly accepted, for vaguely I knew already I was in love.

The Shirleys started early the next morning.

Of course I was up to see them off, and had a sweet ten minutes' chat with Clarice, which—men are conceited—I thought she liked almost as much as I.

As they drove off Syd joined me, and I told him what had happened. He had been neither lodged nor boarded well, and was a little huffy.

"Yes, I saw her," he remarked in reference to Clarice; "she is very pretty, but not a bit my style. I prefer something more dignified and grave."

"Thank Heaven! Then we shall not clash," I said.

"What do you mean, Phil?"

"That I am in love! Yes, really, old fellow; and you had better look sharp about Miss Maythorne if you intend to win the wager."

Vane soon got back his temper and jested me much about Clarice. I gave jest for jest, but every hour I lived I knew more decidedly that I had seen the only woman who could make my married life happiness.

The beauties of the highlands had lost their charm; I was, in secret, all anxiety to reach the hunting-lodge rented by Mr. Shirley, though not for sport.

It was a lovely afternoon when we passed up the glen towards it; Vane had slightly demurred at first, but I had persuaded him, I believe not against his will.

Reaching a rustic, picturesque highland bridge, we were crossing it, when there appeared at the other end, under a mountain-ash, Clarice. As the blood leaped to my cheek I saw hers also flush, while her eyes unmistakably sparkled gladly.

"I say, Phil, it's reciprocal!" whispered Vane in an aside. "The bet is yours!"

Then we were advancing over the bridge. The next instant I, once again, was clasping Clarice's hand, with the sweet consciousness that my arrival had caused her infinite pleasure. What did that mean? What future happiness did it promise?

For the moment I forgot everything but Clarice, until a glance of her eyes at Vane recalled me. I turned towards him.

"Allow me the pleasure to introduce to you Miss ——"

I paused, not knowing her name. Mr. Shirley had called her "my niece," or simply "Clarice."

Clarice saw my confusion, and smiling, said:

"Maythorne."

"Maythorne!" I repeated, startled.

"Maythorne!" ejaculated Sydney Vane. "I beg your pardon—not Miss Maythorne, of——"

He paused now, confused at the abruptness—the absurdity he thought—of his query.

When, with a pleasant light in her beautiful eyes, Clarice rejoined:

"O' Teign Lodge, South Devon."

Vane and I looked at each other; Clarice looked at us both.

Vane quickly recovered himself.

"In that case, Miss Maythorne, I believe your mother and my aunt, Mrs. Meinotte, are old friends."

"What!" exclaimed Clarice, "are you Mr. Sydney Vane? Oh, I'm so glad I know you—indeed I am!"

She held out her hand frankly. A feeling of jealousy which had sprung into my heart faded away as I looked into Clarice's face. Its expression of gladness was not the same as that with which she regarded me.

Nevertheless, I held my love now as impossible, for I felt in honor bound I had no right to come between Syd and Clarice Maythorne.

We had remained Mr. Shirley's guests for nearly three weeks, when on the evening before our departure I paced the glen almost the most miserable man in the world, for my friend was proposing to the girl I loved!

Suddenly a quick step made me turn. Vane was coming quickly towards me. Eagerly I scanned his countenance. My heart gave a great leap of joy.

"You've won the bet, Phil, and fairly!" he said, his hand on my shoulder. "Clarice will not even give me hope. Try your luck, old fellow, if you have a chance. You have my consent."

I pressed his hand, muttered some words, and went towards the lodge. Under the ash by the bridge I met Clarice.

Together we walked down the glen. I scarcely know when I said it, or how; I only am aware that a quarter of an hour later I held Clarice in my arms, her head on my breast, while her sweet voice fell like a murmur on my ear:

"Phil, I love you; I loved you from that evening at the inn!"

Clarice and I are now man and wife; our chief visitor is Sydney Vane, and we, the trio, often talk over and laugh at Syd and my bet, and the illustration of the proverb "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

STORAGE OF LIFE.—Within each ton of coal was stored, long before the creation of man, a definite amount of heat, which, by the chemical process of combustion, may be made available for man's use. A barrel of wheat contains a fixed amount of food. Electricity can now be stored and bought and sold in measured quantity.

Each person has a definite amount of stored life normally equal to about 100 years; but in most cases, our forefathers have squandered much that should have come to us, and we ourselves waste not a little that we have actually inherited.

This wasting of our store of life is as serious a thing as it is common. It may be done thoughtlessly or ignorantly, but the waste is just as irretrievable. Tens of thousands of children die annually, and as many more survive, with a sadly wasted vitality, simply because their mothers do not exercise enough care in the matter of food, clothing, pure air and sunshine.

Our schools waste this store by drawing too largely on the brain and nerves of their pupils through the competitive systems, the worry of public examinations; through exacting the same tasks of the bright and of the dull, and through lack of adequate and persistent attention to the sanitary condition of the school rooms.

Some parents allow their children to waste their supply of nervous force by the incessant reading of sensational books or by frequent attendance at exciting evening parties, and some by not insisting on regular and sufficient sleep.

Women waste it by overwork and worry in their homes, and it is a very rapid waste. Gay young ladies and fast young men waste it at a fearful rate in their rounds of pleasure. Only next in the waste of high living, conjoined with excessive devotion to business.

Of all the professions the medical wastes the life-store most rapidly by irregular and broken sleep, night exposure and the constant drain on the sympathies and the nervous system.

It seems a pity that those whose great work is to save and prolong the life of others should have to do it at the expense of their own.

STOLEN SECRETS.

A STATEMENT was recently going the round of the papers that a native of Finland, named Ranen, was sent out to the East at the expense of the Government, two years since, with the object of endeavoring to discover the art of Persian carpet weaving, the secret of which has always been very strictly guarded.

He made the journey disguised as a simple workman, but it was only after long and fruitless efforts to obtain admission into a Turkish carpet manufactory that he succeeded at a small place near Smyrna in acquainting himself with the process, and making a design of a loom.

A Persian carpet manufactory has now been established in Finland, and important results are anticipated from the new branch of industry thus introduced.

Instances of the same kind are frequent in the world's annals. In most cases, theft is adjudged a criminal offence, but when it consists in a robbery of a secret of trade, it is seldom attended by penal consequences.

When Samuel Crompton found that he had been deliberately cheated of the secret of his invention, by Sir Robert Peel, the father of the great statesman, he exclaimed, "If Peel or any of his men had taken away a rail, or any portion of my machine, it would have been a theft, and I cannot but feel that when Peel came with his workmen and carried away the product of my brain he was a thief too."

But long before Crompton gave to the world his "muslin wheel," the careers of many men who built up for themselves enormous wealth, and gained ascendancy and power in the highest places, had their imitation in similar ways.

In Rome, in the Imperial period, the industrious were plundered and their houses levelled that a Nero or a Claudius might occupy a palace as large as a city; and from that time to ours the unscrupulous seem to have had an advantage among the pioneers of art, science, and commerce.

We robbed the Chinese of their inventions. Before travelers had ransacked the Flowery Land and converted to their own use and profit the secrets of celestial genius barbaric Europe knew nothing of the palatial splendors of China, nor yet of her ingenious manufactures.

Various are the tactics and schemes adopted by robbers of trade secrets, and as a contrast to the method of the elder Peel we may take the case of the midnight thief who, a little more than a century ago, descended upon certain steel works in the neighborhood of Sheffield, and carried off the great secret of making cast steel.

As technically explained, the main distinction between iron and steel is that the latter contains carbon.

The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box.

Steel thus made, however, is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the centre.

This makes it unreliable. Until the invention discovered by Huntsman, of Attercliffe, near the cutlery metropolis, it was nevertheless the best that was to be had.

Huntsman was a watchmaker by trade, and he became dissatisfied with the watch springs then made, and imposed upon himself the task of rendering them homogeneous.

"Could I but melt a piece of steel," he said, "and cast it into an ingot, its composition would be the same throughout."

Secret experiments and patient endurance brought about the desired result. He succeeded, and his steel became famous. Then came the question: How was he to guard his discovery from detection? He erected a large factory, and there did his best to cope with the daily increasing demands for his steel.

Every precaution was taken to insure the utmost secrecy; oaths were administered to his workmen, who were paid high wages, and it is satisfactory to know that it was not due to any treachery on their part that Huntsman lost his secret.

One pitiless night in the middle of winter, while within the famous factory the workers, covered with wet clothes as a protection from the fierce heat, were drawing out the glowing crucibles filled with melted steel from the furnaces; while without the snow fell fast, the wind howled, and the tall chimneys of the steel works were belching their smoke into the chill atmosphere, a stranger knocked at the gates. Scantily clad, shivering with cold, and beseeching pity, he begged for shelter.

To all appearance he was a farm laborer, without resource, a victim of the cruel storm, and one upon whom the fatigue of travel had set its sorrowful mark.

The heart of the foreman of the Attercliffe works softened before the plaintive appeals of the poor wayfarer. The stranger was taken in; so also was Mr. Huntsman.

The belated wanderer sank upon the floor apparently exhausted, and was allowed to sleep in peace.

The workmen proceeded with their avocations and heeded him not. But the fellow only dissembled. From beneath his seemingly closed eyelids he was watching all the operations with a desperate intentness.

He saw the bars cut into bits, cast into the crucibles, and the crucibles put into the furnaces; he observed the ultimate moulding of the ingots; and when, with a cheery and hearty "good-night" the workmen subsequently let him out again, they little knew that he was taking with him their long-guarded secret of making cast steel.

A Cornish miner stole the secret of the manufacture of tinware from Holland. Tinware is thin sheet iron, and it was not so much its theoretical production that was the difficulty as the process in practice.

For nearly a century the Dutch had successfully guarded their discovery, until the Cornish miner referred to went over to Holland, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufactory, and, having mastered the secret, decamped with it.

In chemistry and medicine theft has been as common as in the more prosaic paths of mechanical invention, but one illustration must suffice.

Citric acid was the discovery of a London chemist, and one would have thought that as no assistance was requisite in its production, the discoverer could have kept it to himself.

Like Crompton, he was worried by inquirers. Experts visited him to sample and assort, but they were kept at a respectful distance from the laboratory. He would not have a workman on the premises; but just as a disguised stranger carried off the Attercliffe secret, so a disguised visitant robbed the Temple Bar chemist of the secret source of his wealth.

There was one difference, however, and that was that in the latter case the modern alchemist's El Dorado was surprised when the whole establishment had been secured for the night and left without an occupant.

A youth disguised as a chimney sweep ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted, and returned with the secret of citric acid.

The chemist's monopoly was gone, and in a short time the price of citric acid was very greatly reduced.

COMFORTS FOR OCTOGENARIANS.—When you are eighty years old, good reader, you may soliloquize after this fashion:—

"I have become very deaf. What a blessing! There, is such a lot of silly talk I cannot hear—such scandals, &c.

"My eyes are failing. How fortunate! I do not see a tithe of the folly and wickedness that is going on around me. I am blind to faults that would provoke me to censure.

"I have lost my teeth, and my voice is not so very audible. Well, I find it is no use babbling to folks who won't listen, so I save my breath for better purposes. I don't show my teeth where I can't bite. I venture on no tough meat.

"My taste is not so discriminating as of yore, and the good is that I am the more easily satisfied, don't keep finding fault, am contented and thankful. A nice palate is a plague I have got rid of.

"My joints are rather stiff. Well, if they were ever so supple, I do not want to go and see the sights, hear concerts, make speeches, not carouse at feasts.

"I am not so strong as I was; but for what do I need to be stout? I am not going to wrestle or fight with anybody. My morals are generally improved.

"My brain is not so clear as in my younger days, therefore I am neither so hot-headed nor opinionated. I forget a thousand injuries."

"Is it possible, sir," said the visitor, as he looked at a specimen in the museum of the Scientific Association, "that this is a petrifaction?"

"Yes, sir," replied the custodian, with pardonable pride; "this is a genuine petrified ham."

"Is it for sale?" demanded the visitor, excitedly. "If it is I want it. I don't care a snap what it costs."

(You have guessed correctly. He was the proprietor of a railway refreshment room.)

TRAMP—Well, my good lady, what can you give me to eat to-day?

Lady of the House—We had a wedding here last night, and here is some of the cake you may have.

Tramp (backing off)—Excuse me, madam, but I make it a point never to deprive the regular charitable institutions of what property belongs to them.

A LOVER OF CHESS on the Pacific coast has kept strict count of the games he has played in fifty-one years, and gives the number at 78 232—an average of a fraction more than four per day.

USE

Warner's Log Cabin ROSE CREAM

for catarrh, and thus secure healthful and pleasant sleep, and a clear head. Price 50c.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

One hardly expects to see a bulldog sitting on a chair, with a napkin tied around his neck, at a table in a fashionable restaurant. But the other night the sedate guests at a restaurant in Pittsburg beheld this very sight. The dog, a fine animal of correct behavior, took dinner in this fashion with his master and some other gentlemen, and it was noticeable that the waiters showed him great respect. Upon inquiry you will find it is just now the very properest thing, if you are anxious to keep up to the jeunesse doree, to take your English bulldog with you wherever you go, and to treat the animal exactly as if he were your equal in intelligence and position. Unfortunately we cannot ascertain how the dogs regard this fashion.

General Boulanger, the French agitator, has posed for many a character, but in none has he ever been more admired and successful than in that of "snow man," at which he has graced the squares and streets of Copenhagen. It is the custom in northern Europe to erect gigantic snow men during the winter, which are modelled after some eminent personage, provided with collecting boxes, and put up in various parts of the towns where the traffic is liveliest. Last winter one of these snow men collected no less than ten thousand crowns, but the snow man who owed his existence as "Boulanger" to the recent snow has beaten last year's favorite, and collected quite a fortune, which is to be devoted to some benevolent purpose.

There is a new dish at New York's most fashionable restaurant, and all the girls are in raptures over it. With a sip of wine nothing approaches it for a midnight morsel, and it is rapidly superseding the attractions of the devilled crab and the Welsh rarebit. It is really a mixture of both, and the name is "Canape Lorenzo." A perfect blending of devilled crab meat and cheese is fairly fused upon a delicate bit of fried bread. This is evidently put in an oven and baked to a rich condition of brownness, and when it comes forth there is an actually musical tone to the arrangement. It looks like a poem and tastes somewhat similar to the odor of crushed rose leaves. There is a great run on the dish just now, and it is to be copyrighted. A bite, a sip, and the air is full of rainbows and the song of birds.

The worst enemies of the human race, says a prominent English paper, "are the doctors who try to prolong our miserable existence in a world that is full of death-traps. One medico tells you not to eat or drink too much; another that you must only eat what you fancy, because otherwise you will surely bolt your food without giving to each morsel the thirty-six mastications which are necessary for digestion. You must wear a respirator over your mouth and a pad on your chest. If you live in town you will die of fog; if you go to the country you will be poisoned by bad drainage; if you drink water you are tempting the typhoid fiend; milk spreads scarlatina, and tea cake is sudden death. Do you shun these tempestuous pleasures of the senses, and take refuge in the recreations of the mind? Do you borrow a novel from the circulating library? That is to import the germs of disease into a healthy household."

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The New York *World* of February 9th, says:

"The question as to how much of what they pretend to know doctors really know is a very interesting one.

"They possess exceptionally great facilities for humbugging, and the presumption is that they are not proof in most cases, at all times at least, against temptation to make use of them. Their profession comes as near being an esoteric one as any that is acknowledged to be respectable. But the revelation as to their views in the Robinson arsenical poisoning cases in Boston is startling.

"There were five deaths from the drug, and the doctors in their certificates attributed them respectively to pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease and Bright's disease of the kidneys. The truth would have never been known but for suspicions with which the doctors had nothing to do. There is food here for reflection—and for doctors."

The above criticism is fully warranted by the startling ignorance shown by the attending physicians in the Somerville Cases.

It can be aptly said that human life is too often sacrificed to the ignorance and bigotry of the profession.

Too often it happens that fatal results follow an improper course of treatment—the physician treats the patient for consumption, general debility or for nervous disorders, whilst the real disease, which is slowly destroying the kidneys and filling the system with a poison quite as deadly as arsenic, is altogether overlooked or does not attract attention until too late.

Physicians too often treat the symptoms of disease instead of the disease itself.

It is well established that four fifths of the ordinary ills which beset humanity are the results of disease in the kidneys which will yield to the curative properties of Warner's Safe Cure if timely used, and to it alone. What is apparently a disease in the other organs is more frequently a mere symptom of kidney disease, which should be quickly eradicated by Warner's Safe Cure before it secures too firm a hold on those organs.

Our Young Folks.

THE UGLY PRINCESS.

BY SHEILA.

"THE ugliest baby you ever saw! Such a queer looking little creature!"

"A princess, too; what a pity!"

These were the whispers that were heard in the palace, while all the bells in the kingdom were ringing to announce to the people the birth of their future queen.

There were great rejoicings that day: feasts and bonfires, cannon fired 101, and speeches made; but the poor little princess slept on peacefully in her satin-lined cradle quite unconscious of it all, or that the queen after looking at her once, had said quietly, "Take her away, and don't let me see her until she has grown prettier."

"Your majesty must not take it so to heart," said the old nurse consolingly "It is the ugly babies that make the handsomest people."

That might be true as a general rule, but it did not seem to be the case with poor Princess Irma, for the older she grew the uglier she seemed to become, until "as plain as a princess" was quite a proverbial saying among the people.

The king was vexed, and the queen was in despair, while as for the royal nurses and governesses, they were simply at their wits' end.

Everything anybody could think of was tried, even to taking the princess out to wash her face in the dew on a May morning; but no remedy could convert the ugliest of ugly princesses into even a moderately beautifully one.

"Nothing is of any use at all!" cried the queen tragically, and the court ladies shook their heads despondingly as they echoed, "No use!" and even the palace cat stopped purring, and uttered a sad and sympathetic "Miaow."

It was most unfortunate—most! But the palace cat, whose name was Ruffle, had not time to think about her little mistress's troubles, because she was expecting a visit from an old friend of hers, a large black cat who lived in the Tower, and belonged to the king's great-aunt.

This old lady had not been seen outside her own apartments for years and years. She had the reputation of knowing more than most people knew, and some folk went so far as to assert that she was one of the last of the fairies who once lived in the land.

However that might be, she interfered with no one, and the king and queen paid her a state call once in two years, when she generally gave them some good advice, which they followed or not, just as they felt inclined.

"Well, and what is the latest news at court?" asked the Tower cat, when she had arrived, and was drinking tea elegantly out of a painted saucer, and eating hot muffins.

"There is very little news now," answered the palace cat. "The second lord-in-waiting boxed the butler's ears the other day, and that saucy page who used to pull my tail in such a disagreeable manner has been dismissed for hiding the cook's keys in the flour barrel. A very good thing too, say I! The young jackanapes!"

"And have there been no balls, no banquets?" asked her friend, to change the conversation, for she saw that the palace cat's tail was swollen to double its usual size with anger.

"My dear, we are just as dull as we can be," replied the other impressively, "and of course it is all on account of the princess."

"Is she ill?" asked the Tower cat, surprised.

"Worse than that; they say she is, without an exception, the ugliest child to be found in the kingdom. The—very—ugliest—child; think of that ma'am!"

"Bah!" cried the Tower cat scornfully, "I don't think anything of it; all human creatures are ugly to my mind, some more, some less; what does it matter? They have no fur, and no whiskers to speak of, and not one of them can see in the dark without a light."

"That is true," said her companion admiringly; "you think of such clever things. But I am sorry for the little princess, because she would willingly grow beautiful if she could, just to please people."

"Then why doesn't she go and see her aunt, my mistress?" observed the Tower cat, blinking her green eyes. "Some folk know things that others might live five hundred years without finding out, Mrs. Ruffle."

It was hardly known how it came about: whether the palace cat told the parlor-maid what her visitor had said, and the parlor-maid told the lady's maid, and the lady's-maid told the chief maid of honor, and the chief maid of honor told the queen; but certain it was that her majesty paid the king's great-aunt a visit one morning, and returned looking very much perplexed.

"What does she advise?" inquired the king eagerly.

"These are the directions, but I don't understand them," was the queen's reply, and she handed him a paper.

"Poetry, hum!" said the king, looking grave. "Poetry usually is hard to understand, my love. Let us see what it is all about."

"She must weave a robe,
Who would beauty win,
All lovely without
And dazzling within.

"She must weave a robe
With labor and care,
Of the brightest of bright,
And the fairest of fair.

"Let her wear this robe
Then in cottage or hall,
She still will be fairest
And loveliest of all."

"It seems to me quite simple," said the king, looking relieved. "The child has to make a dress——"

"Yes; but what is it to be made of? That is the question," interrupted the queen.

His majesty waved the paper with a grand air. "That," he observed, "is what the princess will have to find out for herself."

It was all very well to talk like that, but it was not easy to find out exactly what the verses meant, or what sort of robe would make its wearer beautiful for ever.

There was grand excitement in the palace and nobody talked of anything else but the beautiful dresses the princess was wearing all day long; and you may be sure the queen kept her hard at work.

One was made of silk, of colors so soft and yet so radiant that they seemed as if they must have been borrowed from the rainbow; another was covered with precious stones, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; while a third consisted of the plumage of the rarest and brightest-hued birds.

There was one made entirely of the petals of the blush roses, and another which was adorned with delicately-tinted shells and corals.

They were all beautiful in themselves, but alas! not one of them possessed the magic art of making the princess beautiful too.

In fact, they seemed to make her look plainer and uglier than before—which was certainly very disappointing.

Princess Irma burst into tears over the tenth failure, and sitting down on the hearth-rug, hugged the Tower cat, who often came to see her.

"Oh, Puss, Puss! what shall I do?" she sobbed.

It could not have been the cat who answered, because she was purring with all her might, but Irma certainly heard a soft voice say—

"Princess, the robe you fain would have is not made of silk or precious stones, of soft feathers or fragrant flowers. It is fashioned of noble deeds and generous action, of beautiful thoughts and gracious words—jewels which far outshine the brightest diamonds. She who weaves and wears such a robe will evermore be lovely."

Irma started up and looked around her. There was nobody in the room, and even the Tower cat had disappeared.

Could it have been the king's great-aunt, whom most people suspected of being a fairy?

* * * — * — * *

Years passed by; Irma was no longer a child, and, what was more, was no longer known as the Ugly Princess.

For all those years she had been growing more and more beautiful, and the magic robe she wore was bright with many a noble deed and kindly thought.

The people loved her for her sweet face and her gentle sympathy, and some of the younger ones could never be brought to believe that their beautiful princess that was always doing good deeds was once "The ugliest baby ever seen."

MOON FABLES.—A maiden was accustomed to spin late on Saturday in the moonlight. At one time the new moon on the eve of Sunday drew her up to itself, and now she sits in the moon and spins and spins. And now, when the "gossamer days" set in late in the summer, the white threads float around in the air. These threads are the spinning of the lunar spinner.

The moon is especially a ghostly avenger of human arrogance, and has its humors, according to which things go well or ill with it. In this increase it has a special force and certain good will for the earth and its inhabitants, while in its decrease it is friendly to no one.

The good woman must not do any sewing in the decrease of the moon, for the stitches will not hold; farming tools must not be left in the field, because, it is believed, if they are crops will not again thrive there.

If an unbaptized child is exposed to the moonlight, it will lose its luck for its whole life.

If one points at the moon with the finger he will suffer from swelling around the nail; and whoever spits at the moon will lose all his teeth.

These beliefs, too, are international. The same is the case with the religious notions about the moon. Sorceries of every kind, to be successful, must be performed on Sunday night of the new moon.

The hair must be cut only in the increase of the moon, otherwise there is danger of getting headache. If a person returning home in the evening sees the full moon, he ought to take some money out of his purse, and utter an incantation that will make it increase a hundred times during the month.

The moon is also supposed to have an influence over animals and plants.

CONTENTMENT passes wealth. You are sure to be contented with the use of

Warner's Log Cabin EXTRACT

for external and internal pains. This is better than to employ a physician who cannot do more for you if you had the wealth of Croesus. Two sizes, 50c. and $1.

JEALOUS NIP.

BY E. E CUTHELL.

THIS is the story of two dreadful troubles I had. Once I was all alone in the nursery, and then Nip came to be with me, and then Fatima. But first I must tell you how Nip came.

Father is a soldier, and he was ordered to the war. One Sunday, as I came back from church, I saw two bearskins lying on the hall table, and I knew that father had returned from church parade, and had brought one of the officers in with him. When I popped my head in at the drawing-room door the colonel was sitting with father and mother, but no Nip.

"How do you do?" I said to the colonel. "Where's Nip?"

"At my rooms," he replied. "I've come straight from church."

I was sorry, for even in those days I knew Nip well, as he often came to tea with the colonel. But the latter turned to mother. "I don't quite know what to do with Nip," he said. "I don't like to leave him at the depot."

Then, all on a sudden, a happy thought struck me.

"O, colonel!" I cried, "do please leave him with me; I *should* so like it!"

Everbody laughed and looked at me. The colonel said something about Nip being in the way, and mother said something about a dog in town being a trouble.

I feared it was all going to end in a "no," so I tried a last real good coax.

I jumped up on to father's knee, and, quite regardless of his buttons (which hurt so much when he's in full uniform), leant my head on his shoulder.

"Oh, daddy, darling, *do* let me keep Nip! He shan't be no trouble at all, not to nobody; and he'll be such a nice little companion to me when you're away, and remind me of the regiment!"

That settled the matter. It generally does, and I know I've got my own way when father kisses me with a smile like that on his face.

So father and the regiment went away, and Nip came to us, and he has been with us ever since.

That's Nip in the picture. Isn't he a neat knowing-looking little dog, with his pointed ears and his long nose? The red and brass collar mother gave me for him looks so well on his smooth shiny black coat. She was obliged to give it me on my birthday, because you don't know exactly when Nip's birthday is. But I think he must be very old, because he is so very wise.

And now that you know all about Nip I can go on with my story, and tell you about the first trouble.

I had been out with Aunt Ethel, and when we got home we found the trouble had got there before us.

Mother had received a telegram saying that father was wounded.

Mother was crying in the drawing-room. It is dreadful when grown-up people cry, for nothing you can do seems to do them any good.

It is of no use offering them any sweets, because they often don't like them; they say they make their teeth ache. You can't let them off lessons, because they have none to do.

I cried too that night too when I went to bed. But Nip was a great comfort to me, and he did not seem to mind my tears wetting his coat.

Father came home at last; but he did not come with his regiment, marching proudly down the streets with the colors flying and the band playing, while all the people crowded on the windows and balconies to see them pass.

Oh, no! poor father came from the station in a cab. He had to be lifted out, for his leg was still so bad, and he could not walk, for he was quite weak and white from the bad fever he had had.

It was a dreadful coming home, and instead of being very, very glad to see him, I nearly cried, for he looked so unlike the father who had gone away. But all the same, it was nice to get him home with us again, and nurse him. He said I was a very good little nurse, and after a while he got better; but not for a long time. The doctor kept on coming day after day; but first Fatima came.

And this was how she came. Everybody knows that when fathers or mothers go away from home for a long time they are always expected to bring their children presents. Now, would you believe that when father came back from the war he brought me nothing? I wasn't disappointed a bit, for I was so glad to get him back; but he thought I might be. So he told me there were no shops in the desert where he had been, and so he'd asked Aunt Ethel to buy me a present, as from him, out of a town shop.

And so she bought me Fatima.

I've had more beautiful dolls than she was—Mrs. Brown dressed as a bride, was just lovely—but none had I ever loved as I loved Fatima, though she was only an ordinary English girl doll, in a blue cashmere frock trimmed with red braid, and frizzy yellow hair.

I loved her because she was father's doll. It was he who christened her Fatima, because it is an Egyptian name; but Jenkins, who is our soldier servant, would call her Fat Emma. Now, she's not fat by any means.

And now I've come to my second trouble. Nip was jealous of Fatima. Of course he ought to have known better. A dog and a doll are such different pets; one can love them both very much, but each in a different way. This was how Nip showed his jealousy.

Poor dear Fatima was sitting quite good on my little chair in the nursery, when I went to see if her eat his breakfast. He always liked me to do that. Nip I also left in the nursery, sleeping quietly before the fire. And when I came back poor dear Fatima had been dragged off her chair, and pulled all around the room.

Her frock was tumbled, her hair disarranged; she had bled sawdust in a little stream all round the room, and under the table lay one of her arms, still wet from Nip's mouth.

How I cried! It was bad enough to have father with a wounded leg; now here was Fatima with a broken arm! I could have whipped Nip, and I'm sure he deserved it, only he came and looked at me so sadly out of his brown eyes that I'm sure he was sorry. So I forgave him, for mother always forgives me for being naughty if I'm sorry.

But I sat at the window, very sad, trying to comfort poor Fatima, who felt very ill, and looked very frightened with her hair all standing on end, when a brougham drove up to the door.

It was Doctor Staples come to see father's bad leg.

Suddenly an idea struck me, and we all three, I, Fatima, and Nip, went down into the dining-room. Father was lying on the sofa, and Doctor Staples, who was a kind-looking old gentleman with white hair, sat in an arm-chair. I did not feel the least frightened, for I knew I was doing the right thing, and we all three marched up to him, and Nip sat down before him, and looked up into his face so knowingly.

"Doctor Staples," I began, "we are in great distress. A terrible accident has happened; I won't say whose fault it was, for it wouldn't be kind.

"You are busy mending father's leg—will you mend Fatima's arm?"

And I held it out in front of him, and the sawdust dripped on his hand. Of course he could not resist that, who could? for he looked very kind.

So he took Fatima away in his brougham, and brought her back next day beautifully mended, and with a new nut.

Thus Fatima got well first, but father was not long behind her. So we got well over both our troubles.

THE EAGLE.—As the lion is the king of beasts, the eagle is the king of birds. The ancient Romans used to let an eagle fly from the funeral pyre of a deceased emperor.

In heraldry the eagle signifies fortitude, and it has for several centuries been a favorite device on royal banners. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Babylon and Persia.

The Romans adopted it together with other devices, but Marius made it the ensign of the legion and used the other devices for the cohorts. France under the empire had the eagle for its national device.

The two headed eagle, as a device, was first used by Constantine the Great, and signifies a double empire.

There is a superstition, very ancient, that every ten years the eagle soars into a "fiery region" and plunges thence into the sea, where, moulting its feathers, it acquires a new life.

In the Book of Psalms we read, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

The eagle is the supporter of the lectern in churches because that bird is the natural enemy of the serpent, and it is also emblematic of St. John the Evangelist because, like the eagle, he looked on "the sun of glory."

The idea has always been held that the eagle alone of all the animal world has eyes which can withstand the full blaze of the sun at noon-day.

The terms golden eagle and spread eagle are commemorative of the Crusades: they were the devices of emperors of the East.

In the mythology of Scandinavia there is a fable of a wonderful ash tree which drops honey. In the the branches sit an eagle, a squirrel, and four stags. At the root lies a serpent gnawing it, while the squirrel runs up and down the tree trying to sow strife between the eagle and the serpent.

The nest of the eagle is nothing more than a huge mass of sticks flung at random on some rocky ledge, and having a shallow depression in which the young can lie. The portion occupied by the young birds is small, and the general platform of the nest serves as a sort of larder, on which are deposited the birds, hares, lambs, and other animals which the parents have killed and brought home. Usually the eagle's nest is placed on a precipice too high for the climber and too far from the summit to permit a person to be let down by ropes except with great danger.

FRED (bitterly—"That woman did me the greatest injury woman can do to man—gave me a solemn promise of marriage." Harry—"And broke it?" Fred (more bitterly)—"No, kept it, and made me keep it, too!"

ALL false practices and affectations of knowledge are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defect of knowledge can be.

WE neglect the advantages we have, and think what we should do if we were something else than what we are.

ONE must forge the iron while it is hot. If you are suffering with a pain in your back, do not wait, for it be useless suffering until the pain wears off, before you apply

Warner's Log Cabin PLASTERS.
25 cents. Try it. Best in the world.

DAY DREAMS.

BY A. V. B.

How they come and how they go,
Ever fleeting, never slow,
Sailing up to heaven;
Tiny, subtle, wayward things,
Brilliant meteors, sparkling rings,
Which flash, and then are riven!

How they go and how they come,
Some so restful, yearning some;
Others like wild flowers!
Some like fragrant even-wind;
Some like clouds upon the mind,
Which, later, turn to showers.

How they come and how they go,
Born in sorrow, nursed in woe!
O happy, useless dreaming!
Rainbow-tinted, many-starred,
Teardrops shed, sweet fancies marred—
Is all to end in seeming?

CURIOUS WAGERS.

It has been remarked that "a collection of foolish wagers would make a voluminous work;" and so odd are some of these "fools arguments," that a selection of some of the most curious may prove not uninteresting.

During the last century, when, particularly in club life, the least difference of opinion frequently ended in a bet, many remarkable and eccentric wagers were made.

From Mrs Crackenthorpe, the Female Tatler of 1709, we learn that the fashionable young men of her day were quite as much at a loss how to kill time as are their modern compeers.

Ridiculous wagers, generally governed by whim and extreme folly, were frequent. She tells us:

"Four worthy senators lately threw their hats into a river, laid a crown whose hat should swim first to the mill, and ran hallooing after them; and he that won the prize was in a greater rapture than if he had carried the most dangerous point in Parliament."

One Sunday in June 1765, a wager of one thousand guineas was decided between two noblemen, one of whom had constructed a machine which was to propel a boat at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

A canal was prepared near the banks of the Thames for that purpose; but, by some fatality, the tackle breaking, the wager was lost.

Men of note, however, not content with representatives, have been known to wager upon their own individual prowess in the water.

It is recorded of Sir John Pakington, called "Trusty Pakington" (Queen Elizabeth called him "her Temperance") that "he entered into articles to swim against three noble courtiers for three thousand pounds, from the bridge at Westminster to the bridge at Greenwich; but the queen, by her special command, prevented the putting it into execution."

In 1729, a poulterer of Leadenhall Market betted fifty pounds he could walk two hundred and two times round the area of Upper Moorfields in twenty-seven hours; and accordingly proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the amusing pursuit, "to the infinite improvement of his business and great edification of hundreds of spectators."

Southey makes mention in his "Common place Book," of a Norfolk gentleman farmer, who rode his own boar for a wager from his own house to the next town, four and a quarter miles distant, twenty guineas the wager, the time allowed being an hour. "Porco" performed it in fifty minutes.

It was during the same year that "Jerusalem" Whalley made the journey which earned him his name. Being asked on one occasion where he was going, he answered in jest, to Jerusalem. The company present offered to wager any sum that he did not go there; and he took bets to the amount of between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds.

The journey was to be performed on foot, except so far as it was necessary to cross the sea; and the exploit was to be finished by playing ball against the walls of that celebrated city.

In the "Annual Register" for June it is stated that "Mr. Whalley arrived about June, in Dublin, from his journey to the Holy Land, considerably within the limited time of twelve months."

The above wagers, however whimsical, were not without a precedent. Some years before, a baronet of some fortune in the north of England (Sir G. Liddel) laid a considerable wager that he would go to Lapland, bring home two females of that far off country and two reindeer in a given time.

He performed the journey and effected his purpose in every respect. The Lapland women remained in England for about twelve months; but having a wish to go back to their own country, the baronet furnished them with means and money.

Popular tradition has long associated the assumption of the Ulster badge—the bloody hand—by the Holte family of Aston, with a barbarous murder committed by Sir Thomas Holte upon his cook, whom he killed with a cleaver. This was about the commencement of the seventeenth century.

It need not be said that the assumption of the badge has no connection whatever with this circumstance, which may or may not have occurred.

"The most probable tradition," says Mr. Davidson, the historian of the family, "of the cause of the commission of the crime, is that when Sir Thomas, when riding from hunting, in the course of conversation laid a wager to some amount as to the punctuality of his cook, who, most unfortunately, for once was behind time. Enraged at the jeers of his companions, he hastened into the kitchen, and seizing the first article, avenged himself on the domestic."

In 1771, a strange trial took place before Lord Mansfield in the court of King's Bench, with the object of recovering the sum of five hundred guineas, laid by the Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March) with a Mr. Pigot, whether Sir William Dodrington or old Mr. Pigot should die first. It had singularly happened that Mr. Pigot died suddenly the same morning of the gout in his head, but before either of the parties could by any possibility have been made acquainted with the fact. By the counsel for the defendant it was urged that (as in the case of a horse dying before the day on which it was to run) the wager was invalid and annulled.

Mord Mansfield, however, was of a different opinion; and after a brief charge from that great lawyer, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of five hundred guineas, and sentenced the defendant to pay the costs of the suit.

The Earl of March on laying a bet that he would cause a message to be despatched a certain distance quicker than any horse could convey it, won his wager by enclosing the message in a cricket ball, which was thrown from hand to hand by relays of professional cricketers.

As Duke of Queensberry, he betted one thousand guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any one whom Sir John Lade could find.

The Duke was informed of his success—not being present at the achievement—by the following bulletin from the field of battle.

"My Lord, I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by an apple pie."

Grains of Gold.

The proud are always most provoked by pride.

Flee sloth; for the indolence of the soul is the decay of the body.

Characters never change. Opinions alter.—characters are only developed.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.

Memory is ever active, ever true. Alas, if it were only as easy to forget!

Cultivate not only the corngelds of your mind, but the pleasure grounds also.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

Into the composition of every happiness enters the thought of having deserved it.

In the same brook none ever bathed him twice; to the same life none ever twice awoke.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

It is sad to think how few our pleasures really are, and for the which we risk eternal good.

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and must of necessity have truth for its foundation.

True religion is the poetry of the heart; it has enchantments useful to our manners; it gives us both happiness and virtue.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproach of its enemies than the worldliness and hard-heartedness of the professors of it.

Femininities.

Time is almost the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous.

The popular colored ink for writing love letters now is violet, because it fades so soon.

Miss Weery: "Ah! it must be nice to be clever." Mr. Knowcott: "Yes, you have no idea."

Miss De Plain: "Doctor, what is the secret of beauty?" Family physician, confidentially: "Be born pretty."

Edgar: "Miss Freeleigh doesn't wear corsets." Arthur: "How do you know?" "Because she laughs instead of giggling."

Reflections should never be cast on a plain young lady for consulting her looking glass; she, at any rate, faces her difficulties.

The Sorosis Society of New York has begun a movement to form a confederation of all the women's clubs in the United States.

Ted: "Poor Younghusband will be disfigured for life. What did his wife hit him with?" Ned: "One of her home-made tea biscuits."

Jack: "Now look out; I'm going to kiss you." Sallie, preparing to run: "Oh! oh! oh! you wouldn't dare!—(Jack wavers)—would you?"

No married women are hereafter to be appointed schoolteachers in New York city except by unanimous consent of the Board of Education.

Took him at his word. Chalmers: "Love you? Why, I'd jump off the bridge for you!" Miss Romantique: "Oh, how lovely that would be. Do it, dear."

Courtship—a period during which two people of opposite sexes are blind to each other's imperfections. Marriage—a ceremony that restores their sight.

Some of the long handles of parasols, now the prevailing style, are made in two pieces, like a fishing rod, to admit of their being easily packed in a trunk.

Music is the sound which one's children make as they romp through the house. Noise is the sound which other people's children make under the same circumstances.

Magistrate, to elderly witness: "Your age, madam?" Witness: "Thirty." Magistrate: "Thirty what?" Witness: "Years." Magistrate: "Thanks. I thought it might be months."

Miss Belle, warningly: "Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish." Sally, who owes her one: "Well, why didn't you?"

The making of lamp shades is a very lucrative business for women in England. A manufacturer of lamps in London pays one woman £10 a month for shades. They are a dainty mixture of silk and lace.

"Did you read about that cyclone?" "Yes; it must have been a horrible affair." "Did you ever see a cyclone?" "No, but I can imagine what it is like." "How?" "My wife has three sisters visiting her."

The New Orleans Woman's Club is said to be the best governed ladies' club in the United States. It can at any time bring half of the available wealth of the town to assist in supporting any project which it undertakes.

The "beauty sleep" may be that which is taken two hours before midnight, but the overwhelming testimony of experts is that the "luxury sleep" is that which is indulged in for two hours after being called in the morning.

Though all compliments are lies, yet because they are known to be such, nobody depends on them, so there is no hurt in them; you return them in the same manner you receive them: yet it is best to make as few as one can.

Two Congregational churches in Maine have a pastor between them. Both desired his services at the same hour, but as that was impossible the matter was compromised by having the pastor's wife officiate at one of the churches.

Mrs. Harrison is fond of the old fashioned crochet work, and it is said that the ladies of the White House during the next four years will attempt to revive the wearing of linen lingerie trimmed with home-made embroidery and crochet.

Their first lesson. Mistress: "Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why it will take you a week to get things cleaned up! What have you been doing?" Servant: "Sure, mum, the young leddies has just been down here showing me how they roast a potato at the cooking school."

We are not very much to blame for our bad marriages. We live amid hallucinations, and this especial trap is laid to trip up our feet with, and all are tripped up first or last. But the mighty mother, who has been so shy with us, as if she felt she owed us some indemnity, insinuates into the Pandora box of marriage some deep and serious benefits, and some great joys.

In ancient times there have been some very curious announcements on parish church doors. The following from a paper of 1712 is a striking illustration of this: "Advertisement.—From the Parish Vestry, January 9: All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods are desired to be there before Divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation."

Mrs. Lamode, to new acquaintance: "Ah, Mrs. Homespun, when I see your little ones playing in the yard it awakens all my old sorrow." Mrs. Homespun. "Oh, dear! I'm so sorry I—" Mrs. L.: "You can understand my feelings. Your children do remind me so of my lost darling." Mrs. H.: "Did you lose a little boy or a little girl?" Mrs. L., with hysterical sobs: "It was a little dog."

Two Texan women are the largest individual sheep and stock owners in the world. One of these, the widow Callahan, owns 80,000 sheep, and when a long train of wagons start out each spring and fall for market, loaded down with the wool of her sheep, it is a sight worth seeing. The other is Mrs. Rogers, the great herd owner of Southwestern Texas, who is worth about a million dollars. Mrs. Rogers owns no carriage, preferring to ride on horseback in the free and easy style of the cowboy.

Masculinities.

It is "all up" with a man when he is "going down."

Men would be saints if they loved God as they love women.

The heart has reasons that the reason does not understand.

If the poor man cannot always get meat, the rich man cannot always digest it.

The Emperor of Austria has given orders that his son's name shall never again be spoken in his hearing.

"Tell me, is your wife curious?" "She? I really believe she came into the world only out of pure curiosity."

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is safer to trust to the legs in case the other party is real mad.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.

He who gives what he would as readily threw away gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice.

"I like to read epigrams against us women," said Mrs. Clever. "When a culprit clanks his chains you know they are on him."

We are all of us bound to make blunders in this life. Most of our troubles come from trying to uphold them after they are made.

Through the eating of forbidden fruit the first man lost Paradise, and that is perhaps why he fancies he can find paradise in forbidden fruit.

An excellent suggestion is, to print the name of each street on the glass of all the gas lamps, and the number of the house the lamp is opposite.

Take two letters from money and there will be but one left. We know a fellow who took money from two letters, and there wasn't anything left.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water upon seeing a boy pick up a stone to throw at it.

Curses always recoil on the head of him who impreca'es them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.

A burglar, arrested in Boston lately, had on his breast an Indian ink picture of a gravestone, on which was marked: "In memory of my father and mother."

A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action.

It is said that the skull of John Theach, known as "Black beard," the Virginia pirate of 1718, is in the possession of a Virginia family, in the form of a silver-rimmed drinking cup.

No objection. Tenaweek: "Sir, I wish to marry your daughter." Gruff old father: "My daughter, young man, will continue under the parental roof." Tenaweek: "No objection will be raised to that, sir."

Little Alice: "And did Solomon know more than anybody who was ever in the world, papa?" Papa, thoughtfully: "Well, I guess he knew more than anybody I ever met, except perhaps your 15-year-old brother Jack."

If we slip and tumble everybody stops and looks. We may go on for 40 years bearing our burden of work for our beloved people, and it is a matter of course; but let us make a mistake, and then the old bald head is used for a drum for the morning and evening tattoo."

In an old and rare book mention is made of the first use of rouge, which, by this account, seems to have been somewhat perverted from its original purpose. It was "worn by the Roman generals in their triumphs, that they might seem to blush at their own praises." This is almost as bad as the use to which it is subservient in the present progressive age.

It used to be stated that the late Sir Watkin Wynn could walk 20 miles in a straight line without setting foot on any land that did not belong to him, but his breadth of land pales before that of many others. The Czar of Russia is thought to be the largest land-owner in the world. He has one estate which covers more than 180,000,000 acres, or three times the extent of England.

A one time chief judge of Bagdad was remarkable for the modesty which accompanies wisdom. Once, after a long investigation of the facts of a case, he publicly confessed that his knowledge was not sufficient to enable him to decide it. "Pray," said a pert courtier, "do you expect the caliph to pay you for your ignorance?" "I do not," meekly answered the judge; "the caliph pays me well for what I know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

Some time ago two German girls landed in New York, bound for Chicago, and were told by a runner, one of their own countrymen, that they could get tickets $3 cheaper outside the Garden. They went with the runner, and each paid him $20. He took them to the elevated railroad station, gave them two 5-cent tickets, and bade them good-bye for Chicago. Neither girl could speak a word of English, and when they got to Harlem it was some time before they could be made to understand that they had been swindled.

So wise! "O, mamma!" she said, with a little burst of girlish confidence, "what do you think? Mr. Iddyot proposed last night!" "Ah, did he, my dear? And what did my little girl say?" "Oh, I told him that an engagement was too solemn and sacred a thing to me to be entered into without serious and prayerful consideration, and that I would give him my answer in a week. And now, mamma, mine, we must go right to work and find out if he really and truly has $15,000 a year and a cottage at Bar Harbor." "You dear, wise little girl!" cried the fond mother, folding her child to her bosom and weeping over her.

Recent Book Issues.

Mr. Alfred J. Cohen (Alan Dale), of the New York "*Evening World*," has written a novel which G. W. Dillingham, successor to G. W. Carleton & Co., has published. It is entitled "A Marriage below Zero." The story deals with a social evil which has hitherto escaped the attention of the novelists. The book is bright and entertaining, with a cumulative interest. It is sure to make a sensation. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Among notable Easter publications, Stokes & Bro. New York, have issued two beautiful art works. "Hark, Hark, My Soul," a poem illustrated by four elegant original pictures in color, and a grandly ornamental cover. For sale by John Wanamaker. The other is entitled "From Snow to Sunshine" a series of splendid fac simile water color pictures of butterfly swarms by S. S. Shelding, illustrator, the text by A. W. Rollins. The paper, drawing design, and general get-up of the latter book is superior. From the first cover to the last it is a perfect beauty in art and taste. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

A portrait of John Burroughs at 20 is the frontispiece of the April *Wide Awake*. It accompanies Mr. Burroughs' own story of his boyhood. Another interesting biographical and historical sketch is "Raleigh and the Potato," by Mrs. Blathwayt, illustrated with a portrait of Lady Raleigh and several engravings from botographs. There are several short stories, an Easter game for children, entitled "The Cascaroni Dance," beautifully illustrated; "Daisy's Letters to Patty," a public School Cookery article, instalments of the serials by Margaret Sidney and J. T. Trowbridge; some good poems, and bright, original anecdotes, accounts and "short talks" in the new department, "Men and Things." D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

The April *Century* is a Centennial number one half of its pages being devoted to this subject. Among the articles, illustrated and otherwise, are "The Inauguration of Washington," "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution," "Washington in New York in 1789," "Original Portraits of Washington," "A Century of Constitutional Interpretation." Mrs. Foote's novel, "The Last Assembly Ball," is continued; George Kennan has a chapter on "The Russian Police"; Remington the artist, writes and illustrates an article on the colored United States troops of the West; Mr. Harry S. Edwards, author of "Two Runaways," gives a characteristic story; the Lincoln History treats of "Retaliation, the enrollment, and the Draft"; a new writer Miss Viola Roseboro', has an illustrated story, "A Jest of Fate." "Some Aspects of the Samoan Question," is timely. "Topics of the Time" treat of "The First Inauguration," "Constitutional Amendments," "The Coast and the Navy," "Republicanism in France." Poetry is contributed by several prominent writers and in "open letters" a variety of subjects are briefly discussed.

HUMANS WITH HORNS.—There has just been discovered in Lithuania a young woman named Catherine Michoffen, whose forehead, well formed in all other respects, is adorned with a couple of neat little horns.

She has been married three years, and her husband, who "worships the very ground she treads on," is sadly distressed about these hideous protuberances, says *La France*.

Catherine Michoffen is not, however, the only horned woman on record. Demarquay enumerates fifty-nine instances of this rare and singular phenomenon.

Berthotin mentions the case of a young Italian lady who was afflicted with a horn sixteen centimetres in length. In an Academical report Baron Juleg Cloquet refers to a Hungarian lady from whose head projected a horn measuring fifteen centimetres.

M. De Parville once contributed to the *Revue des Sciences* a very curious article on horned women. The most astonishing, and probably the best known specimen of these remarkable excrescences, is undoubtedly the horn of Mme. Ixe. After the poor lady's death, Dr. Dubrady, of Hyeres, deposited this curious relic in the museum of the St. Louis Hospital, where it may still be seen. It measures twenty-one centimetres, and would stretch to a length of twenty-seven centimetres (twelve inches) if its crooked extremity were straightened out. This human horn is twisted in spiral form like a ram's horn. Its average circumference is six centimetres, and it is particularly observed to be fluted throughout its entire length like the horns of certain antelopes.

Lastly, we may mention the famous horn of Francois Trouillac, the charcoal burner, whom the Marquis de Laverdin discovered in the Forest of Maus and sent to Henry IV. Trouillac's horn had this peculiarity that it was bent backward like the horn of a chamois, and that it could be cut like one's finger nails. Trouillac achieved an immense success. He astonished and charmed the Court. There was not an aristocratic hand, however dainty, but would touch the charcoal burner's horn. Trouillac became the lion, or rather, the rhinoceros of the day.

THE perfume of violets, the purity of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the flush of Hebe combine in Pozzoni's wondrous Powder.

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

That birds have been guides to sailors and agriculturists every one who knows anything about popular weather prognostics is well aware.

Not only have the flight and general action of birds been noted by all civilized nations, but among barbarous tribes in this and other lands the migratory habits of the feathered tribe have discounted prognostics of Government signal bureaus. Wind, rain and other atmospheric changes are predicted by those who narrowly watch the migration of birds, and sailors in particular, who are close observers of the heavens above, the atmosphere around them and the waters beneath them, base their prognostics on all the peculiar phases of land, water and sky and the elements of life which people them.

Among the birds which serve to guide the sailors to look out for squalls, the sailor expects wind when the cormorants fly landward.

If the gull soars to lofty heights and, circling round, utters shrill cries, a storm is approaching. If the parrots whistle on shipboard it will rain. If they dress their feathers and are wakeful it will storm the next day. If the petrels gather under the stern of a ship bad weather will follow. The stormy petrel surely betokens stormy weather, and no sooner do they gather in numbers in the wake of a ship than sailors prepare to meet an impending tempest.

Bats flying late in the evening indicate fair weather, but if they speak flying it will rain on the following day. A solitary buzzard at a great altitude indicates rain, but if buzzards fly high together it will be fair weather.

If chickens crow before sundown it will rain next day. If they go out in the rain it will rain all day. If they run to shelter it will not rain long. If they come off the roost at night rain will soon follow.

The Zuni Indian hunters say when chimney swallows circle and call they speak of rain, and Indians predict a deep fall of snow when grouse drum at night.

Hunters and fisherman have a saying that "there will be no rain the day the crane flies down the creek." One crow flying alone is a sign of foul weather, but if crows fly in pairs the weather will be fine. If crows make much noise and fly in a circle rain is expected.

If the cuckoo hallocs in low land it will rain; if on high land the weather will be fair. Domestic fowls look toward the sky before rain and go to roost in the day time. If they stand on one leg the weather will be cold. If birds are fat and sleek in February it is a sign of more cold weather. If geese walk east and fly west it will be cold.

There are many prognostics of the season which have their origin in the migrations of birds, and in the peculiar formation and the appearance of the goose bone, which to-day is looked on by thousands of people as a sure prognostic of what the coming winter will be, and in Kentucky, if the issue should be raised whether the Signal Service Bureau or the goose bone should go, the Kentuckian would cling to the goose bone. The good people of Kentucky say if the breast bone of a goose is red, or has many red spots, expect a cold and stormy winter, but if only a few spots are visible the winter will be mild, and they furnish the following recipe so that it may be read intelligently, which instructions are as follows:—

"To read the winter of any year take the breast bone of a goose hatched during the preceding spring. The bone is translucent, and it will be found to be colored and spotted. The dark color and heavy spots indicate cold. If the spots are of light shade and transparent, wet weather, rain or snow may be looked for."

When wild geese and wild ducks move south the weather will be cold, if north the weather will be warm, and birds migrate south much earlier if the winter will be earlier. A severe winter follows if crows fly south, but if they fly north it will be an open winter. No killing frost comes when the martins return to their old haunts, and the first song of the robin is the voice of spring.

The swan is said to build its nest high during seasons when freshets visit the localities where the swan broods, and those who cultivate low lands note how the swan's nest is built. If it is built low there will be no unusual rains. There are many other prognostics derived from observing the habits of birds, of interest to the seaman and the land-lubber, and in concluding the popular prognostic of the farmer, drawn from watching the nest of the swallow, is given:—

When the swallow's nest is high
The summer is very dry;
When the swallow buildeth low
You can safely build and sow.

THOUGHT HE COULD DO BETTER.—Some years ago there lived in a country town, an old man who had a propensity for stealing small and portable articles that came in his way. As he was poor and past labor, and well-known about town, no more notice was taken of his peculiarities than to keep a sharp lookout when he was about. A dealer had a quantity of dry fish landed on the wharf an hour too late to get them into his shop, and, as he was about covering them with an old sail-cloth, he espied old Brown, apparently reconnoitring.

Selecting a couple of the fish, he said, "Here, Brown, I must leave these fish out here to-night, and I will give you these two if you promise me that you will not steal any."—"That is a fair offer, Mr. Allen, but—well—I don't know," with a glance at the offered fish, and then at the pile, "I think I can do better!"

"The Old Oaken Bucket,
The Iron-bound Bucket,
The Moss-covered Bucket."

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolations from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It arouses all the excretory organs into activity, thereby cleansing and purifying the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what source they have arisen. All diseases originating from a torpid or deranged liver, or from impure blood, yield to its wonderful curative properties. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Tumors disappear under its use.

WARRANTED. "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood and liver medicine sold by druggists under *a positive guarantee* of its benefiting or curing in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggists.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

TELLING SECRETS.

Well, I'll have to stop that flirtation
And tell Amy all; that is flat.
She would not have uttered negation
If I had proposed, I know that.

But now I'm to marry another:
Our little affair, of course, ends.
I'll say, "Think of me as a brother,
And we will continue good friends."

Of course, when she hears of my wedding,
There'll be an exhibit of woe,
The copious tears she'll be shedding
Will bring on hysterics, I know.

And then there'll be sobbing and sighing,
Perhaps, till my tender heart melts,
With vows of affection undying,
And vows to wed nobody else.

* * * * * *

"Now, Amy, my dear, do not trouble,
Just heed what I'm going to say.
Your nervous emotions dissemble;
Be calm, my dear friend, I pray.

"To tell you my secret I've tarried,
And how I have hated to try;
But, Amy, I'm soon to be married."
"Don't worry, old boy; so am I."

—U. S. NOXS.

A spanking team—parents.

Move in the highest circles—eagles.

The Lick Observatory—a confectioner's window.

What is a house without a baby?—Well, comparatively quiet.

A triumph of art—a pickpocket operating successfully on a detective.

The traitor who is expected to be loyal to both sides—the administrator.

Soft soap, in some shape, pleases all; and generally speaking, the more lie you put into it the better.

The pretty young misses at church fairs are continually laying themselves liable to arrest on the charge of robbing the males.

Cross eyed man: "Miss, may I have the honor of the next waltz with you?" Two ladies, eagerly rising: "With pleasure."

To neutralize the smell of cabbage while boiling, cook onions at the same time. If you wish to destroy the smell of the onions burn the house down.

Major Stolah: "I say, Hawkins, what do you think of that cigar I gave you?" Hawkins, weakly. "I don't think of it at all. I'm trying to forget it."

It, as we are led to infer, Eve became Adam's wife on the day that she was made, she had ample reason for using the phrase so common to her daughters in this day: "Oh, this is so sudden!"

The certainty of the doctors. "But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well." "Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."

First dude: "Why do you hang two thermometers in the window?" Second dude: "My deah fellah, one is for the heat and the other is for the cold, you know. You ain't as well up in astronomy as I thought you was."

"It it is more blessed to give than to receive," mused Harry, after his father had been trying to teach him a lesson in generosity, "I think it would be very nice in me to do the receiving and let others have the most blessing."

Mrs. Church to Mrs. Meetinghouse: "I did so want to go to the whist club to-night, but it is Lent, you know, and we have to give up the things we want most to do, and do the things we dislike, and so I concluded I'd run in and spend the evening with you."

Wife: "Now, Charles, this is the fourth time I have found you in the kitchen talking to the hired girl." Husband: "Well, yes; I—I think it is." Wife: "Well, the next time I catch you talking to the girl, I'll discharge her and do the cooking myself!" That cured him.

A miser died a few days ago. After careful investigation his trustees find he once gave something away. In the giddy frivolity of his early youth he gave the measles to his younger brother. This fact is to be handed down to posterity in brass letters on his tombstone.

Bob: "I was in an awfully embarrassing condition to-day, Tom. I went into a store to buy some cigars when I suddenly discovered that I had left my pocketbook at home." Tom: "Did the proprietor trust you?" Bob: "Oh, yes; he knew me." Tom, in surprise: "And he trusted you?"

Mrs. Hobson, to caller: "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Van Blunt, did you know that my husband left the bank and is spending a few days in Canada?" Mrs. Van Blunt: "Why, no; that is a surprise to me. And so he really left the bank?" Mrs. H.: "Yes." Mrs. V. B.: "Too heavy, I suppose!"

Sunday school teacher, to new pupil: "We are taught in the Bible that when some one smites us on one cheek we should turn the other to him. Isn't that a beautiful sentiment?" "Yes, ma'am." "Now, if Charley Jones were to smite you on one cheek what would you do?" "I'd pound der top of his head off."

"I have noticed," said a pert young solicitor, "that members of the legal profession are almost always brave men. It is seldom that one shows cowardice. I wonder why this is so?" "Well," responded an elderly lady, "I've read somewhere that 'conscience makes cowards of us all.' And as lawyers mostly have no conscience, why, of course, they haven't anything to make them cowards."

HEROISM.—Sweet Girl (meeting her father at the door)—"Father, I would have been drowned to-day if it hadn't been for a handsome young stranger who jumped in and saved my life, and I think we ought to do something—to show our gratitude."

Father (suspiciously)—"Oh, jumping in and saving a girl is no very great feat. I did it many a time when I was young.'

"Y—es, but you weren't handicapped as he was. For him to jump into deep water was almost certain death."!

"Huh! Did he have on a ball and chain?"

"No, but all his pockets were filled with $20 gold pieces."

"My goodness! Such heroism must be rewarded. I'll ask him to dinner."

"MABEL," said Henry, and in spite of his effort to control himself the voice was tremulous and he spoke with the air of timid desperation which marks the elocution of a man about to ask for the loan of $25. "Mabel, I do not kneel at your feet" (and he wasn't—he was sitting bolt upright on a sofa) "to plead for myself. I come here only to beg you to think of my brother George. He—he loves you dearly, Mabel, and should you refuse his plea I tremble for the consequence. He is alone in the world, and he wants a sister-in-law. Oh, will you not be one to him?"

SENATOR EVARTS' LOG CABIN.

Senator Evarts has erected an old fashioned Log Cabin on an elevated point of land which he lately purchased on the Potomac, just below Washington.

It is much more elegant in its finish and appointments than were the homes of our ancestors in the Log Cabin days of long ago, but probably not more conducive to comfort.

Outside, it presents the appearance of the typical old fashioned house of the pioneers, being built of logs hewn in the adjacent forest and raised and chinked in the olden style. The interior will be finished in native woods, from the place, but, unlike the primitive original, it will be finished in oil.

This is luxury to which the dwellers in the rude Cabins of early days dared not aspire, it being pure luxury, and not adding to the comfort of the domicile.

Senator Evarts began the Log Cabin last summer with the determination that, if Gen. Harrison were elected, he would reverse the popular campaign axiom of half a century ago, "From the Log Cabin to the White House," to a social axiom of the new administration, "From the White House to the Log Cabin."

Harrison was successful; Senator Evarts' new, old-fashioned Log Cabin will doubtless also prove a great success. Many a happy day's surcease from the toils and cares of his great station, our Log Cabin president will no doubt enjoy beneath its hospitable roof as the guest of the genial, senior Senator from New York.

Great as the success may be that attends the introduction of this old-time log cabin to fashionable life, it cannot be greater than the success which has attended the introduction of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, one of the old-time, effective remedies, the use of which, in primitive times, gave our grand-parents health and rugged old age.

Senator Evarts' log cabin is but another evidence of the tendency in fashionable life, at present so marked, toward things primitive and antiquated. The new fashion is for things old-fashioned, and a return to the old-fashioned roots and herbs remedies of log cabin days is noted with pleasure, as their common use does not permanently injure the system, as the use of the mineral drugs of modern medical practice does.

Catarrh Cured.

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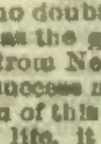

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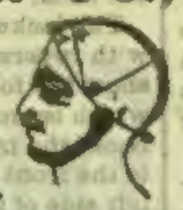

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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The most certain and safe Pain Remedy in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great

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and has done more good than any known remedy.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For COLDS, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF BACK, &c., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, PAINS IN BOWELS or STOMACH, CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water.

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RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

FOR THE CURE OF **SCROFULA,**

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STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Nearly every description of long mantle worn by ladies is adopted, perhaps with some slight modification, but very often without any alteration except in size, for little girls' spring wear.

These long cloaks are certainly very convenient, especially for a season so uncertain as an average spring, and as they are warm, and completely cover the dress and its young wearer, without being cumbersome or heavy, the fashion is one that is gladly welcomed by mothers who think more of the health and comfort of their little girls than of their smart appearance.

There are many ways in which the long cloaks are interpreted, but the simplest is that which takes the form of a circular cloak, full enough to allow of the fronts being wrapped over in cold weather; the top is gauged in several rows round the neck, and the back is gauged and drawn in by strings underneath at the waist. Sometimes a hood is added, but hoods find less favor generally in America than in France, and as a rule it is the French models only that are finished off in this way, the hood being lined with plain or fancy silk.

Another variety of long mantle has the plain fronts buttoned to the edge, and long over-sleeves of the ordinary Russian mantle. The sleeves of children's mantles are generally arranged to fall from the shoulder, instead of the front of the neck, leaving the under front, which may be either plain or full, exposed to view; the arms are protected by coat sleeves, finished off with velvet cuffs matching the collar, and a waistband, which is fastened with a passementerie or ornamental metal clasp.

A new and rather more elaborate model has the long sleeve gathered and mounted round the shoulder like a dress sleeve; the full fronts are gathered on each side and mounted on a velvet yoke, and open to the waist only over a pointed velvet plastron. The fronts are drawn in at the waist by a cord girdle tied with long ends in front.

Long cloaks are generally made of plain cloth in a number of different colors; brown beige, gray, navy blue, dark green, terra-cotta and dull red are all fashionable colors, but chequered cloths are also employed to some extent. The back invariably fits the figure neatly as far far as the waist, where it is drawn in, and then falls in a full pleated skirt.

If any trimming is needed for the collar, cuffs, etc., velvet is the material chosen; passementerie and similar ornaments are only used in children's mantles for tipping the ends of silk sashes worn with more elaborate models in redingote style.

Paletots and redingotes are much worn on occasions when a more dressy toilette is required, these are also generally made of colored cloth, and the best models are arranged to fasten diagonally in a curved line ending on the hip, and are ornamented with collar, revères, and cuffs of velvet or plush.

Little girls' redingotes are also made occasionally of velvet or plush, with little ornaments.

Fancy woolens, combined with velvet, or more economically with velveteen, are largely used for girls' better spring costumes.

The pleated skirt is of the striped woolen, the stripes being either vertical or horizontal.

Over this is a redingote of velvet or velveteen, open in front and at the sides to show the striped skirt.

The bodice is turned back with silk revers, and the fronts of the redingote below the waist, where they meet, are also turned back with silk revers.

The back is in full pleats mounted on the plain corsage, and the silk sash twisted round the waist is tied in a knot with fringed ends falling nearly to the edge of the dress at the back; the plastron is of the woolen material, and so also is the centre part of the sleeve, a deep puff at the shoulder and the cuff being of the velveteen. This dress is full of useful and practical suggestions for the remodelling of last autumn's outgrown costumes, as it makes them at small expense not only wearable but fashionable.

Dresses with open jacket bodices are also much worn by girls of twelve and upwards, the style of the jacket varying with the dress and the purpose for which it is intended. A capital model for a spring outdoor costume is in gendarme blue woolen.

The skirt is plain in front, but pleated at the sides and back, and bordered in front with a band of embroidery on brown velvet, which is carried up each side like a narrow panel, framing the tablier. A coquille drapery is added in the centre of the back.

The jacket fronts are open and trimmed with revers of the embroidered velvet, and show the folds of a broad blue silk sash, which is crossed under the jacket at the back, the fringed ends being brought again to the front and knotted low down on the left side of the tablier.

The full sleeves are finished off with velvet wristbands; round the neck is a finely pleated pierrot collarette of blue silk, with a jabot to match ending under the top of the sash.

When the dress is for indoor or evening wear the jacket is shorter, and is made of velvet in a contrasting color.

The skirt is of white or high-colored material, mounted in pleats or gathers, and generally ornamented at the edge in front only with braiding or embroidery.

The chemisette is of white surah, very finely pleated, and finished off with a collar band and coquille jabot to match.

The short open jacket is of black or some rich dark-colored velvet, with silk revers and cuffs matching the skirt, and a row of handsome buttons below the revers on each side.

A silk sash is folded round the waist, the long ends, with deep fringe at the edge, falling on one side.

For school-room dresses and ordinary indoor wear, there is no style more practical and useful than a plain box-pleated skirt.

These skirts are made of plain or striped cloth and woolens, the pleats being about six inches wide at the edge. If the material is plain, a braided design worked on each pleat at the edge of the skirt is a great improvement. The bodice is short-waisted, with a little fulness in the centre of the front and back; when the skirt is braided the collar and cuffs are also braided, in other cases they are plain.

Felt and velvet hats are made with low crowns and wide brims; there is little variety in the crowns, which are round and flat, like the crowns of sailor hats, but this uniformity is made up for in the brims, which are turned up or bent down, twisted and curved into every conceivable shape.

A pretty model in beige felt has a wide brim standing out nearly straight in front, but narrow and turned up at the back. The only trimming is a bunch of bows of striped beige and brown ribbon poised on the upper rim of the crown, just in front, and spreading out in all directions.

Another pretty hat is just the reverse of this, for the wide brim is turned up in front, bent down a little at the sides, then raised again at the back, where it is very narrow. The front part of the brim is edged with a narrow bordering of curled ostrich feathers, and behind it is massed the trimming, consisting of bows of ribbon and feather tips. This shape is especially fashionable for little girls under nine or ten, and of children of four to six years old the brim is even wider and more sharply raised in front, the feathers behind it curling over the top of the brim in a very pretty and becoming fashion.

Odds and Ends.

THE FEET AND THEIR TROUBLES.

If the remark were made, that there is nearly as much evil done by the constant wearing of tight boots as by tight lacing, it would at least be going in the direction of the truth.

Were the reader to be conducted round the walls of a large surgical hospital, and witness the ugly cases of deformity, distortion, and ulceration caused by the neglect of the feet, he would not soon forget it. And the worst forms of these are caused by the tight boot. Toes are plaited, bones are twisted, become necrosed, and have to be removed, and lameness for life ensues.

But apart from any such painful results as these, the very discomfort alone of having the feet worm in a vice must be great, and certainly does not tend to improve either the health or the temper.

That a nation's sons and daughters should learn to walk well and with some degree of stateliness is, perhaps, more important than it seems. For the *upright* position conduces to the health of every organ in the body.

But no man in tight boots ever did or could walk properly, and no young lady with very high heels either. In the last case, the most that can be said for the gait is that it is fashionable; it certainly is not beautiful. It is when young that one should learn to walk. Even the little bear's mother knew that, when she threw him on the ground and told him to be off.

Perhaps we human beings know the fact too, but it would hardly appear so in thousands of cases, for in good society do we not often notice that that the poor wee feet of "tottles" not ten years old have been cramped into boots sizes too small for them?

No wonder such children are sometimes peevish, though they strive to look prim. Their feet may become stunted in size, but the cruelty is likely to stunt their very minds as well.

The wearing of heavy boots is bad for the feet and the health also. The strength of the boot or shoe ought to be in proportion to that of the wearer, if comfort in walking is to be studied, and stateliness of gait acquired.

This hint is of the greatest importance when purchasing for children. Deformities of many kinds are caused by too heavy boots on young feet, and the prospects of the little wearer probably spoiled for life.

The word "talipes" may sound a strange one to many. It is expressive enough, however, when we remember its derivations: *talus*, the ankle, *pes*, the foot. It is used to designate all species of deformities generally known as club-foot, and common among children.

If, on the other hand, the ankles are only weak, attention to the health, nourishing food, and good treatment generally put matters straight. But an india-rubber bandage should be worn round the ankles, in order to give support. If matters do not mend, the little sufferer should be taken to the surgeon.

Sometimes contraction of the sole of the foot takes place in older people, or contraction of one toe. Either ought to be seen to as soon as possible, as, though not dangerous, the ailment lames, and they, of course, get worse instead of better.

Flat-foot, as it is called, is another accidental deformity, which must be taken very early if much good is to be done. It is, unfortunately, too well known to need description.

It is simply what it is—a flat foot; the bones and ligaments have given and come down, so that the whole sole touches the floor. It is impossible that much walking without pain can be done by an individual so afflicted; but if he or she be young, there is hope. One thing must be borne in mind—if possible, for a time no heavy weights must be lifted.

The cure consists in having rounded soles placed in the inside of the boot. These are made higher as the treatment proceeds, but the surgeon must see to this.

While on the subject of deformities, it will not be be considered an unpardonable departure to mention two troubles which afflict a great many boys, and even girls: *bow-leg* and the *knock-knee*. Parents like to see their children growing up straight in limb as well as plump and healthy. When they are not so, it is not only a grief to the former, but often a positive misery to the latter.

The bow-leg is caused, as a rule, by a deficiency in the earthy salts of the bone. This simply suggests the cure.

The trouble is caused by rickets to some degree or other, and therefore, while splints in some form will nearly always be necessary, the most nutritious diet will become indispensable, good milk and cod-liver oil being looked upon as sheet-anchors.

There is an idea only too prevalent among parents—namely, that children "grow out" of the deformity, or that, in other words, the bent legs may grow in again.

This is all but a fallacy; besides it is surely right to be on the safe side and have things seen to.

Proper treatment of the feet consists not only in the wearing of proper boots and socks, but in the most careful washing, with either warm or cold water, and mild soap. A thick, rough towel should be used, and the drying made a very complete thing, even between the toes. If this is done every day, thickened skin will rarely need the rasp.

Inventor: "I have just perfected a machine to—"

His Wife: "Yes, that's it! Why don't you invent a machine to help me with my work instead of inventing something to do the work for the men so that they can loaf about and drink beer?"

"That's just what I have done. I've invented a contrivance that will save two-thirds of your time."

Wife: "Is that so? You are a dear darling of a husband, after all! What is it you have invented for me?"

Inventor: "A talking machine!"

Confidential Correspondents.

TAZEWELL.—Send on a postal directed to yourself, and we will furnish the information desired.

BET.—The policeman has a right to carry a pistol, and may shoot on proper occasions.

BLIZZARD.—In writing to the President of the United States address your envelope thus: "To the President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C."

L. H. W.—"Uriah Heep" was a character in Dickens' novel "David Copperfield," who under the garb of the most abject humility concealed a most diabolic malignity.

REGULARS.—Being introduced to a young lady at a ball does not warrant you in claiming an acquaintance with her. The lady may continue the acquaintance or not, as she pleases.

CREAM.—When your pardon is asked you should say, "Not at all; pray don't mention it," or some slight and gracious remark of the sort. Never say "granted," which is in the worst taste, implying that an injury had been done and a pardon was due.

R. C. A.—To make rose-water, put some roses in water, and add to them a few drops of acid—the vitriolic acid seems to be preferable to any. The water will soon acquire both the color and perfume of the roses.

IMELDA.—Among the many novels which have their scenes laid in Italy may be mentioned the following: George Eliot's "Romola;" T. Adolphus Trollope's "Giulio Malatesta," "A Peep Behind the Scenes at Rome," and "The Family Party at the Piazza;" Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento;" Wilkie Collins's "Antonina;" J. W. Graham's "Nemra;" and Madame de Staël's "Corinne."

EMMA.—We cannot tell you if you suffer from heart disease or not, but should be inclined to think you have not much the matter with that organ. For the palpitation from which you suffer, you are right in taking iron, which will help to strengthen you. Avoid excitement in all forms. Do not hurry about your work, and, above all, do not pay too much attention to your heart, and its movements.

ROMEO.—To liken a person to "Dame Partington and her mop" is to taunt him with trying to fight against the inevitable. The phrase finds its origin in the following incident: There lived in a cottage at Sidmouth in Devonshire a Mrs. Partington. During a severe gale in November, 1824, the waves were driven into her house, and the old lady tried with her mop to sop up the wet, until she was forced to take refuge in the upper story of her cottage.

GEORGE W.—The following is the recipe for making a storm glass: Take two and a half drachms of camphor, thirty eight grains of nitre, and thirty-eight grains of sal ammoniac. Dissolve with a gentle heat in nine drachms of water and eleven drachms of rectified spirit. Put the mixture into a long glass tube, and close it with a brass cap with a small hole in it to admit air. Some authorities say the tube should be hermetically sealed.

VILLIERS.—It is not often that we are asked to help thin people to get fat; it is generally the other way. First, we should advise you to sit down and be quite tranquil for at least half an hour after your meals, and to cherish a thankful, unrepining, loving spirit; and get all the sleep possible. Eat butter, fat meats; take cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beetroots, and all farinaceous foods; pastry, custards, and sugar. Avoid acids, and do not tire yourself with exercise. You must remember, however, that the slightest and thinnest people often become the stoutest in middle life.

HOPE.—The signification of the two Hebrew words applying to the sacred breastplate worn by the Jewish High Priest, i. e., Urim and Thummim, mean respectively "light" and "perfection." There is great mystery attached to this medium of Divine communication between God and His consecrated servant the High Priest. On his breast the twelve tribes of Israel were represented, borne as it were on his heart, when he approached his Divine Master in prayer, and when he "inquired of the Lord" concerning them on difficult occasions. But this was only when supreme wisdom was needed in their behalf for the guidance of the king, the president of the Sanhedrim, or general commanding their army.

GEO. T.—Flowers can be easily pressed so that their natural colors are preserved. They should be plucked on a fine day, and carried home in a tin box. Should the leaves happen to be damp, stand the stalks in water until they are quite dry. Some plants whose leaves are thick and stems succulent will have to be killed by plunging them into hot water. When quite ready, place the specimens between layers of blotting paper, having previously carefully arranged their several parts, and lay in a press, applying a slight pressure at first, increasing the weight as the plant dries. The paper should be removed at least every second day, and the wet sheets dried for future use. When the damp is gone and the plant pressed, attach to a sheet of paper, and fix by means of gum or thread. Camphor placed in the box in which you keep the specimens will preserve them from the ravages of insects.

IDALIA.—The signs of handkerchief flirtation are as follows: Drawing across the lips, Desirous of becoming acquainted. Drawing across the eyes, I am sorry. Taking by centre, You are too willing. Dropping, We will be friends. Twirling in both hands, Indifference. Drawing across the cheek, I love you. Drawing through the hands, I hate you. Letting it rest on right cheek, Yes. On the left cheek, No. Twirling in left hand, I wish to be rid of you. Twirling in right hand, I love another. Folding it, I wish to speak to you. Over the shoulder, Follow me. Opposite corners in both hands, Wait for me. Drawing across the forehead, We are watched. Placing on right ear, You have changed. On left ear, I have a message for you. Letting it remain on the eyes, You are cruel. Winding round forefinger, I am engaged. Round third finger, I am married. 2. Fan Flirtation: Fan fast, I am independent. Fan slow, I am engaged. Fan with right hand in front of face, Leave me. Open and shut, Kiss me. Open wide, Love. One-half, Friendship. Shut, Hate. Swinging the fan, Can I see you home?